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THE
GERMAN GIL-BLAS;

OR,
THE ADVENTURES

OF
PETER CLAUS.

Knisse K.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
BARON KUIEGGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Novel is the production of the Baron Kuiegge, a gentleman already advantageously known by several other works, whose success announce their merit : he appears to have a thorough knowledge of men and manners, exhibiting a critical and moral picture of almost every condition in human life, each situation offering a useful lesson. The variety of character, the diversity of adventures and descriptions, with the pleasant vein of criticism that runs through the whole work, renders it as instructive as amusing ; keeps the imagination alive, while at the same time the author, under the ingenious dis-

guise of natural and interesting fiction, inculcates the purest morality.

The Germans seldom separate the useful from the agreeable; the imagination of their novel writers is of a cast peculiar to themselves, less extravagant than the Italians, yet not less fertile than that of their Gallic neighbours, though more gentle and subordinate to nature, averse to exaggeration, almost ever keeping within the bounds of probability.

To those who are fond of studying the manners of society, of knowing mankind, and indulging a turn for ridicule, this novel may prove a favourite companion.

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THE GERMAN GIL BLAS.

CHAP. I.

Birth and Education of Peter Claus.

MY father, Joachim Claus, was a shoemaker in the little town of the electorate of Hanover; by marrying my mother, Eleanor Dromeyer, he became allied to some of the best families in the country. My uncle, John Valentine Dromeyer, was an apothecary and a burgomaster, and wore on a Sunday, particularly if he went to the capital, a large full-bottomed wig, a brown coat with brass buttons, and a red plush waistcoat.

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waistcoat with long flaps. A man of such importance would doubtless never have consented to the marriage of his sister with a shoemaker, had not some certain circumstances which preceded the wedding, procured me the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony.

The poorer part of the family alone were present at the solemnity; for my uncle Valentine pretending indisposition, the more wealthy did not think fit to honor my parents with their company; neither in future did they employ my father, leaving to Providence (in whose care the wretched are generally placed) the whole weight of our subsistence.

When I was six years old, I lost my mother; she died in child-bed, the infant which

which deprived her of life expiring with her. My father shewed no inclination to marry again, and myself being his only son, the economy of our household was soon settled. Doubtless age and experience had rendered him insensible to the charms of the female part of the creation, for the cares attendant on his business, and teaching some chaffinches (which he instructed for sale) to sing loose airs and spiritual songs, entirely employed his time. An aged sister took care of our domestic concerns, and myself was sent to school to the principal chanter of the church belonging to our town. This skilful instructor taught all useful science by the assistance of a heavy ferula, which he exercised with wonderful dexterity; and I every day returned home with little improvement and much ill treatment, the situation of my father not permitting

THE GERMAN

permitting him to interest the master in my favor by generosity.

There was in our town an old captain who had retired, his name was Reyenberg; his sons went to the same school, for he was not rich enough to provide them with a tutor, or, to speak more properly, he preferred keeping two horses in his stable, that cost him a sum equivalent to the support of an instructor for his sons: it is true they sometimes rendered him the important service of drawing him in an antique carriage as far as Hanover, when he went to receive his pay, of which he usually spent a considerable part in an hotel famous for good living, before his return.

The eldest son of Reyenberg was named David, and the youngest Louis; David possessed

possessed all the seriousness of age, conducting himself with the greatest circumspection and prudence, flattering the schoolmaster, and appearing to prefer the company of the aged, frequently reprimanding his brother for little giddy tricks common at his age; he took the utmost care to learn his tasks, and had the pleasure to hear himself generally praised. By such behaviour he entirely gained the good-will of his father, whose affection for his brother he weakened, by reports derogatory to him. Added to all this, David took the utmost care of his cloaths; for being awkward in all bodily exercises, he never essayed them, consequently was safe from those falls and rough shocks which destroy cloaths, and gain anger from parents. Louis, on the contrary, possessed the utmost liveliness, was ever either fighting with his companions,

mions, or enjoying himself with what could furnish mirth, playing a thousand tricks on his masters, or any serious person, to all whom he had particular aversion, ever speaking what he thought, heedless of his learning, yet reasoning on different subjects with great wit and good sense. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than being dressed; his cloaths were usually torn, for he was continually leaping, or pursuing different exercises with great alertness and dexterity, although frequently detrimental to his person and habit. The captain and his friends looked on him as a young man fit only for a military employment, and who on the first onset must be treated with rude discipline. For my own part, I preferred Louis to his brother *Cato*, though I was by no means equal to him in giddiness; the obscurity of my extraction, the indigence

indigence of my father, the subjection in which he held me, the manner in which I found myself treated by others, all contributed to keep me in a state of humiliation, and from exerting my natural disposition.

Nothing material happened until I attained my fourteenth year; my father gained rather more than was absolutely necessary for our subsistence; but discontented with his situation, as is frequently the case, he swore I should be quite a different personage, for which purpose I was taught music, arithmetic, latin, and even a little of history and geography; a lady of fortune, for whom my father worked, engaging to pay the masters of the two last sciences, my father's ambitious views were nothing less than to raise me to the rank of a school-master; but the good man did not

live to see me enter that brilliant state, for I had just attained my fifteenth year when I lost him, his sister dying some months before.

He returned from taking some shoes to a neighbouring village one very hot Summer's day, and had too precipitately drank some cooling liquid, on which he immediately fell sick, and lived but nine days. During his illness, I was obliged to carry some work to the lady who paid for a part of my instruction; she asked after my father, and on my informing her of his alarming situation, promised, in case of his death, to provide for me.

My father's eyes were no sooner closed than my uncle Valentine caused a seal to be put on the whole of the effects, informing me

me at the same time, in very harsh terms, that the debts were infinitely more than the means of paying them. "It is now time, Peter," said he haughtily, "for thee to provide for thyself; the law will give thee an instructor, but where there is nothing the king loses his right. If thy father, God pardon him, had not listened to his foolish pride, but had taught thee a good trade, thou wouldst now have had a resource, and not have been necessitated to become chargeable to the fund of the city."

I informed the burgomaster, that I did not need assistance, Madame de Lathausen having promised me her protection. I then abandoned the property left by my father, and hastened to throw myself at the feet of my benefactress.

CHAP. II.

Peter commences Footman to a Lady of Quality—his Adventures in her House—why he is obliged to leave it.

MY whole wardrobe, exclusive of the cloaths I had on, consisted of two shirts, a pair of black stockings, two combs, and a quarter of a lottery ticket, my father had purchased some days previous to his death. I took leave of the burgomaster, who presented me as a *viaticum* with a six-penny piece, and an exhortation worth nearly as much more. With this treasure I went gaily to Madame de Lathausen, who, agreeable to her promise, received me with kindness, ordering me a new livery to be made out of an old riding-coat, and

desiring

desiring her huntsman to instruct me in my business, and also how to behave to the rest of the servants, whose companion I now was.

The lady, author of my present felicity, was about forty, and strictly virtuous—either from constitution, want of opportunity, fear, or from never having been handsome, or perhaps from always living in the country, where she had met with no lover who had paid her the compliment of taking pains to seduce her—which of these reasons is immaterial. Who can discover the source of our virtues? Suffice it, therefore, that this widow maintained the utmost decorum, ever railing at the depravity of manners, extraordinarily severe in her censures on her neighbours, and the declared enemy of all amorous intrigues

in her own house. Notwithstanding, she had some small indulgence for the foibles of two persons, the one of whom was M. de Redmer, her cousin, who was young and handsome, and also for Mademoiselle Julia Nagelborn, her waiting maid.

M. de Redmer was a lieutenant in the service of the Duke of ****; he might have acquired reputation, if in his youth he had not been spoiled by his parents, and on his entrance into the world by the ladies, who perfectly idolized him. Women are commonly accused of contributing to the foppery and vanity of young men possessed of handsome persons, who often before they are out of their prime, are as destitute of worth as strength, and at length become ridiculous and despicable old men. I have frequently had occasion to remark, that
this

this accusation is not entirely devoid of foundation, and that even women of understanding, on whom the pleasures of the senses have power, are frequently disposed to find a young fool very pleasing; because he may happen to possess a fine fresh colour and an elegant form, even though his head should be empty and his heart vicious. The first praise the ladies usually bestow on a man who has the good fortune to please them—"He's a handsome fellow." Men, on the contrary, when they are charmed with a woman, usually qualify their opinion with more modesty, adding, "She appears of a gentle disposition, has a great deal of understanding," or something similar. But to return to M. Redmer. He was extremely well satisfied with his own person, was perfectly convinced of the advantages he derived from his figure and
wit,

wit, and thoroughly aware of the importance bestowed by his military capacity; but so inclined to chatter, that he could not restrain his volubility, even when company obliged him to discover that his discourse was void of understanding. Having hurried through some countries in the diligences, and being acquainted with a few post-masters, he imagined he had seen and knew the world; and having likewise visited foreign courts, he fancied he had a knowledge of the human heart, bon ton, and French manners. All this rendered him insupportable, at least in societies where deference is paid to disposition, manners, talents, and understanding. M. de Redmer could never imagine he displeased, his self-love keeping him in happy ignorance of his want of success; charmed with himself, he shewed his person every where,

mixed

mixed in all companies, and in his own idea surpassed all he saw: in a word, he resembled many young military men, frequently taking licence even before his chaste cousin (with whom he past the Summer when I entered her service) to talk equivocally, a liberty she would not have suffered from any other person; but what in this case could she do? Doubtless she supposed he did not know the meaning of what he advanced, and consequently only answered "Fye, fye," or some such gentle reprimand.

Mademoiselle Nagelborn had passed the bloom of youth, was tall, meagre, and brown; her shape was not much amiss, but she wanted at least half a dozen of the number of teeth fixed by the system of Linnæus. Notwithstanding, as she opened her

her mouth with the utmost precaution, and when she laughed, always remembered to place her hand before it; this imperfection hardly struck the eye. Apropos, of eyes, her's were rather on the yellow, inclined to languish, and her hair black as a raven. Such is a faithful picture of her person.

This chaste girl had great power over Madame Lathausen; in short, she was indispensably necessary to her, possessing her whole confidence, directing the economy of the household, and waiting on her person. Whatever she did was sure to meet her approbation; she was of a mild temper, fond of gossiping, praised M. de Redmer greatly, was perfectly informed of what passed among the neighbours, of all whose foibles she was the scandalous chronicle, venting the most bitter sarcasms
against

against imprudent girls, who spoiled their shapes by giving too easy a belief to promises of love. Julia had a tender heart, and from my first entrance into the family took the utmost care of me, always speaking to me with gentleness, calling me her good friend Peter, frequently giving me nice bits from my mistress's table, often pinching me by the arm, and sometimes by the cheek. In a morning she would take me into her apartment, and give me a dish of coffee—when the handkerchief, which covered a bosom naturally too modest, would sometimes by chance be disordered; and if, from my innocence, I did not happen to remark this disorder, she would carefully replace it on the smallest noise, saying, “My God, if any one should have the chance to catch me seated by such a pretty youth, they doubtless would entertain a bad opinion

opinion of my virtue. Unhappily, as I was yet young in the world, her attentions and arts were vain; vain to me was the adjustment of the deranged handkerchief. My timidity did not last long; the collector of the lottery at Hanover was a Jew; he arrived one day post haste to inform me, that the ticket of which mine was a quarter had been drawn a prize of two hundred crowns. Who now so happy as myself? Generosity I thought required that I should make the Jew a present, but having no money, we accommodated the matter; I agreed to pay the expence of his journey, a compliment for his news, and the trifling deduction of the general lottery office, which the paternal care of the sovereign has so equitably fixed for the support of those employed (who only labour for the good of human kind, requiring no profit, as the

balance

balance of cash and the stoppages at the close of each drawing can testify). Deduction made on those articles, I received twenty-seven crowns in sounding specie, a green varnished tooth instrument case, a black snuff-box of papier maché, and a stock-buckle set with common stones. The Jew desired me, I know not why, not to speak of my good fortune; I promise to observe him, and to rejoice over my treasure in silence.

I believe in good truth, that the Devil possesses us as soon as we become rich; at least we are immediately so prepossessed of our own qualifications, that our sphere appears too narrow for us to act in, and we immediately wish to shine, though others frequently do it at our expence. I have often met (when my travels had taught me
to

to know the world) with very rich people, truly worthy of pity, who every day entertained a large company, and were so grossly flattered by parasites, that they imagined themselves extraordinary beings, and possessed of distinguished merit. Among this crowd of adulators there were indeed some who only complimented their patrons through raillery, and augmented their society rather for the company they met there than any love to their persons, regarding their houses as an inn, where a man places himself at the table, not for the love of the host, but to profit by the instructive and entertaining conversation of travellers he may happen to meet with there. Fortunately, these sort of people do not distinguish the ridicule; the flatterers therefore eat and laugh at their expence, while they are equally gratified in being thus enabled to

to support their grandeur and preserve
their consequence.

My riches were not considerable, yet to
me twenty-seven crowns appeared a very
brilliant fortune, nor could I resolve to
conceal it; and I can affirm, without va-
nity, that I had no sooner made it public,
than I had a prodigious number of friends,
who were charmed with my prepossessing
features and agreeable figure. The barber
of the village particularly sought my friend-
ship; he was also a musician, and scraped
equally well with the fiddlestick as the ra-
zor. He assisted at the sacred concerts
performed in the church, accompanying
with his instrument, or sharp shrill voice.
Faithful to the custom of flattering the
rich, he professed himself charmed with my
genius, entreated me for the love of Hea-

ven

ven not to neglect my musical talent, in which I had already made so rapid a progress. We practised together, Julia taking great pleasure in our concerts; and as she frequently admired my green tooth-pick case, in a sudden fit of generosity, (for music softens the heart) I entreated her to accept it as a remembrance of me. This little present, and my continual attentions, rendered her still more favourable to me, for old maids are generally interested to preserve young men from the dangers of seduction. Notwithstanding her cares, the barber, Haver, sometimes took me to the alehouse, and as he was usually without money, I paid the reckoning. Wine gave me spirits; and Julia, charmed to find me improved, took care not to forbid me the company of the barber musician; so far from opposing our evening visits, she took pains

pains to conceal my absence from my mistress, to whom she was perpetually praising the regularity of my conduct.

The loose discourse I was witness to at the alehouse, and the behaviour of the waiting-maid, at length triumphed over my timidity; I attempted some liberties with the lady, who made but little resistance to my advances, so that our acquaintance was soon on the most intimate footing. I must not forget a circumstance that contributed greatly to embolden me. Having one day some business in Madame Lathausen's closet, I found there a collection of poetry of one of our modern authors; and not supposing that any thing read by so virtuous a lady could be injurious to my morals, I perused it, but soon found the evil tendency of those kind of books, and that
even

even widows would do well to guard against them.

Two years and a half had elapsed agreeably enough. M. de Redmer had passed the Winter with his cousin, and was on the point of returning to join his regiment, when on the evening previous to his departure, accompanied by Madame de Lathausen, he went to take his leave of a gentleman who lived at some distance, attended only by the huntsman. Julia and myself thus left alone, we enjoyed ourselves over a good supper and a bottle of wine; pleasure rendered us deaf, and we never heard the return of the carriage. The door of the apartment opened on a sudden; my mistress and her cousin entered, for not finding the gentleman at home, they had returned immediately, and discovered us

in

in a situation by no means equivocal. M. de Redmer burst out into the most violent fits of laughter, launching sarcasms against poor Julia, that were even more humiliating than the anger of my lady, whose passion knew no bounds. Indeed it was an unpardonable fault not to use more precaution on such an occasion.

I cut the most melancholy figure in the world, waiting my sentence in silence. I was not however long in suspense. Heaven knows what secret reasons my mistress had for concealing the chambermaid's part of the disgrace; or whether Julia was so necessary to her, that, contrary to the common behaviour of women, she shewed herself merciful to her faults; or whether it was according to the common course of things in this world, where the little al-

ways suffer for the great, I know not; but however it happened, my aged dulcinea obtained pardon, while I was disgraced and discharged.

M. de Redmer was more indulgent; he declared he would protect me; and when we were alone, promised to take me into his service, desiring me to depart early in the morning before him. I obeyed: he soon overtook me, and ordered me to get up behind the carriage, which soon reached the garrison.

CHAP. III.

*What happened at the Garrison—Peter meets
his old Friend Louis de Reyerberg.*

M de Redmer, as I have already said, had promised to take me into his service, but his zeal for the service of the Duke of ****, on second thoughts, appeared more sacred than his word. Though I had not as yet attained my full size, I was notwithstanding tall and well made, and we had no sooner reached the place of our destination, than I was placed under a kind of gallows, where the merit of those designed to fight for their country is measured by inches. I was found very proper to expose my well-proportioned figure in the good cause, and to contribute to main-

tain the balance of Europe; they therefore made me a soldier, without consulting my taste or inclination. It was in vain I pleaded the rights of humanity thus trampled upon, the privileges of the electorate of Hanover, my country, where the yoke of such a slavery was unknown; and lastly, I spoke of my reliance on the promise of a gentleman. The only answer I obtained was, "The Duke wants soldiers; thou art entering into a state where thou mayst reap honor, and some day attain the rank of a serjeant, nay, perhaps that of an officer. I assured them I possessed neither courage, nor felt the intrepidity necessary for war. "We have no longer occasion for those distinguished virtues in battle," replied they, "beside, we possess some sharp remedies, that never fail giving them to our subaltern heroes, if we find occasion. The
officers

officers do their duty, and are brave through honor, yet some have attained the rank of Colonel, who in their first battle took to flight, therefore never fear, the valour of to-day is to be learned like the rule of three. What could I do in this extremity? Patience was my only remedy; therefore, after I had been systematically instructed, or rather, after my fingers had learned the method of exterminating my poor brethren from the face of the earth, an art which I did not learn without experiencing some of those sharp remedies they had mentioned, my state began to appear more supportable. In general there is no situation in life to which a man may not accustom himself; for black bread and clear water did not deprive me of my gaiety. The little coat in which my body was compressed, and the spatterdashies which pinched up my legs,

certainly at first incommoded me; but at length I became insensible to those degrees of torture.

My school comrades, the sons of Captain Reyerberg, had also quitted the place of their birth, and had been placed in the monastery of Bergen, near Magdebourg, to finish their education. The method of instruction then followed in that institution contributed to compleat the eldest in that false modesty, and hypocritical virtue, for which he had shewn such strong disposition in his infancy. He was soon proposed as a model for his companions. Admitted into the society of people of a riper age, he made a pedantic shew of his false science, affected the manners of the great world, played at cards with address and caution, overlooking his adversary's hand as much

as he possibly could with prudence, ever giving a part of his gains in public to the first poor creature he saw, employing the remainder to purchase books of hymns and spiritual songs; a conduct which made him universally admired. Louis, on the contrary, could not accustom himself to the constraint and the formality of false devotion, and one day publicly called his brother and the teachers a parcel of hypocrites and false pretenders to religion. As he was ordered to be severely punished for this insolence, a humiliation he determined to avoid, he watched his opportunity, and escaped the intended chastisement by flight.

After running for a considerable time without looking behind him, oppressed with hunger, and weary from the speed he

had used, he determined to enter the first house where appearances should seem likely to afford him assistance; it happened to be that of a curate, at six leagues from the monastery: full of confidence in his probity and humanity, he threw himself on his mercy, relating his flight, and the cause. The curate shook his head, asked the situation of his father, and his residence; of which he was no sooner informed, than he sent to the bailiff of the village, who immediately caused the young man to be stopped, and, accompanied by a letter and proper guard, sent back to his father, who received him, paying the expences of the journey. M. de Reyerberg was more outrageous than a Turk; he consulted with the churchmen of the neighbourhood, who were all of opinion, that to punish his son, he ought to condemn him to carry a musket for

for some time. The father had hardly given consent, and signified his intentions, before my zealous lieutenant sent a serjeant for the young man, of whom he promised to take particular care. Thus did fate suddenly re-unite me to the friend of my childhood.

To place a young man, as a punishment, among an order of people whose manners are more depraved than his own, is adopting a remedy yet worse than the disease; it would certainly have been better to have excited his emulation, by placing him with youths of talents and rank equal to his own, but who should have surpassed him in solidity and virtue. This treatment has frequently been crowned with success, while the former has ever proved fatal. Louis de Keyerberg was an example; for

in despair he gave himself up so totally to libertinism and debauchery, that he became daily more lost in it, my company being his only consolation. To relieve his melancholy, I shook off my own languor, insensibly mingling in the irregularities which he gave into, in endeavouring to banish the thought of his situation. I had yet some few crowns remaining of my wealth, and what I had received as wages; from time to time I supplied Louis, who found little difficulty in borrowing money of people that knew his history; for they could not imagine his father would suffer him to remain long in a situation so much below his rank.

There was in the same company a man of about thirty-four years old; he had passed eleven studying in the different universities

ities of Germany, but his ill conduct had caused him to be expelled from Goettingen, Jena, and Halle. He had deserted from the Austrian army, and had listed in the service of the Duke of ***; Haudritz was his name, his father being one of the first merchants of Cleves. This man was possessed of distinguished talents, a prodigious fund of wit and genius, but his heart was so vicious and perverse, that he was commonly pronounced incorrigible. We had the misfortune to become acquainted with this dangerous character; he knew that we had money, and lived at our expence. The pleasure of his conversation, which was interesting from the different vicissitudes he had undergone, entrapped us in his snare; our triumvirate was soon on the most intimate footing, jointly committing all manner of mischievous and disorderly

derly tricks, until we had neither money nor credit. M. de Redmer had promised to take particular care of Louis; it was his duty to pay attention to all; but he had more interesting business, fluttering round the ladies, playing his foppish tricks, and exhibiting his sweet person wherever he could shew it to advantage; he troubled himself little about our conduct, when at length we were all three seized, and put under an arrest for eight days, for some tricks played a commissary.

CHAP. IV.

Description of the French Commissary—M. de Redmer's Dispute with him—Peter deserts with two of his Comrades.

THE commissary at whose request we had been imprisoned, and put in irons, was one of those Frenchmen of merit and understanding with which Germany swarms. After being the most common mechanics, or perhaps exercising the vilest employments, having no further hope of mending their fortune, or, what is more probable, being on the point of adding to the good company in red coats, who distinguish themselves in the galleys at sea, but having no particular inclination to that brilliant state, they quit their ungrateful country,

country, and try their fortune in some of the courts of Germany, under false names and suppositious titles, offering to polish our manners, and to provide for the private pleasures of our little sovereigns, farming a right to oppress their subjects and cheat strangers.

It was six years since the present commissary arrived at R——, dressed in a little green coat, whose primitive colour could only be distinguished where it had been sheltered from the sun by a cord to which his baggage was suspended. The pleats in his stocking heels, formed by daily coaxing, was an exact journal of the time he had been on his march; a hat which many gay fellows had carried proudly under their arm covered his head, whose decoration was completed by a ragged bag, which

was

was fastened to about seventeen hairs he had yet remaining. In this dress he had frequently been necessitated to ask some trifling assistance from compassionate souls, saying with the utmost elegance: "Have pity, my lord, on a poor French financier, who is come to establish himself in this country, with intention to farm the customs, that has not a single penny remaining, having consumed all his wealth in the journey through this dismal country."—Such was his modest entry, though at this time he rolled from place to place in an elegant chariot.

This man was insupportable to us; we were enraged to see so distinguished a situation supplied by such a worthless character, while we were in a state of misery. Envy rendered him detestable, as we thought

thought ourselves equally entitled to possess a chariot, not being politic enough to discover with what skill the sovereign employs the most despicable of his people, when they act as instruments to execute his projects. We had long intended to play the French financier a trick ; every thing was prepared, and one night on leaving the alehouse, we determined to compleat the meritorious business. His chariot was decorated with the arms of his imaginary marquissate, and in fine weather was always left in the street before his house. We had procured oil colours in black and yellow, designing to paint it over entirely with one, and with the other trace on it the wheel and gallows. We had also purchased the intestines of an ox, through which we purposed to pass the water of an adjoining fountain, to overflow the lower part of his house

house during the night. Had we not been in such a hurry to begin our business, but had waited till midnight, and then privately left our barracks, our malicious enterprize might have taken place, and passed unpunished; but too eager to play the trick, and our reason too much bewildered to use the necessary caution, we had hardly began our heroical exploit, before we were caught, known, accused, and condemned.

Notwithstanding, as our plot had failed, the commissary himself came to the guard-house some few days after our imprisonment, to entreat the officers to suspend our punishment. M. de Redmer was in the guard-room, with a captain and two strangers, relations of the last mentioned gentleman, all four at cards, when the commissary was announced. He made his request;

quest; we were brought up to hear his generous intercession in our favour; and at length it was agreed, that the matter should be referred to the governor the next day on the parade. M. de Redmer entreated the financier to sup with them, during which they sacrificed amply to Bacchus; this, added to the wine and liquors drank with the desert, rendered the commissary eloquent. The juice of the vine had also redoubled the loquacity of M. de Redmer, whose volubility, without such assistance, surpassed that of most people; he began talking of the predecessor of the reigning duke, reasoning at random, as they do at Paris, for and against the government; he asserted that the father of the present duke had inspired his subjects with fortitude, patriotism, and courage, proving the justice of his own theory by giving the example

ample of every virtue. "In his reign," continued he, "the military constitution was not dependent upon the despotism or caprice of the prince, but on its own strength and intrepidity; as long as an individual discharged the duties of his station, the prince could not treat him with injustice, without exciting the resentment of the whole corps; by these means he cut off all temptation to improper power, and every man was in peace and safety. This is the best military system. The duke was what every sovereign ought to be, the first servant of the state, strictly obedient himself to the laws. If the country had been governed on the same principle for a sufficient length of time, it would have been more powerful, in proportion to its extent of territory, than the empire of Rome; but the present duke has destroyed that judicious

icious system, and governs in the spirit of despotism."

Redmer, doubtless, did not think his own extraordinary merit sufficiently rewarded, not considering that a prince whose resources are in himself, who inspects every thing with his own eyes, whose penetration nothing escapes, and who maintaining a just equilibrium in all the departments, even to the most distant corner of his government, is too brilliant and scarce a phenomenon for a young man to presume to judge of.

The more M. de Redmer talked, the more opposition he met with, and the warmer he grew; he railed at the regulation of the finances, at the French, launching into injurious terms, insulting the captain, who endeavoured to refute his erro-

neous

neous principles. They separated in anger, and the next morning the free strictures of the lieutenant were reported to the military council.

What particularly augmented his fault was, it being committed when he was on guard; he was therefore confined for some time in the citadel of —, and afterwards exiled to a regiment in garrison.

We were released two days after this dispute. The officer who succeeded M. de Redmer was of a harsh disposition, austere even to cruelty, and did not allow us a shadow of liberty; notwithstanding, we continued our usual mode of behaviour as much as circumstances would permit; and now being entirely destitute of money, we made no scruple to have recourse to any
means

means which might enable us to live mer-
rily at the expence of others.

We had discovered a private entrance
into the cellar of a rich wine merchant,
which was at some distance from his dwel-
ling. Provided with instruments necessary
to open it, we stole there in the evening
disguised like coopers; and fearful that the
divine juice of the grape should be spoiled
by being too long preserved, we drew off
whole bottles by the assistance of straw
pipes, drinking them to the honor of the
honest proprietor. Moderation was un-
known to us; nor could we quit this be-
witching cave without leaving our reason
in deposit. We terminated this Bacchana-
lian revelry by those ridiculous extravagance
cies that tend to the annoyance of sober
citizens.

One evening Haudritz and myself (Reyerberg was on guard at one of the city gates) were just returned from celebrating our usual nocturnal orgies, and was preparing to enter the barracks by a window we always made use of for that purpose, when one of our comrades informed us that our absence was discovered, and that even at that very moment they were in search of us. The rigour of military discipline was known to us, and fearing the deserved punishment, added to a strong desire we had long encouraged to escape from such slavery, made us determine to desert. We ran towards the gate where Reyerberg was on guard, and fortunately found him on duty on the ramparts. Having scaled the walls, we reached him, persuading him to share our danger, and endeavour for liberty. He did not hesitate to accompany

accompany us, but it was necessary to devise means to descend the slope of the ramparts, and the steep wall which terminates it; the ditch was nearly dry. The genius of Haudritz, fertile in invention, soon drew us out of this difficulty; the moments were precious, as we must have been discovered when the patrol came round; we therefore drew out three poles, which served to support some young trees, and fixing the pointed end in the ground beneath, we took the method used by our chimney-sweepers, sliding down them from the rampart to the wall, and from thence to the ditch, which we had hardly crossed before we heard the patrol giving the alarm on not finding Reyerberg on his duty.

We hastened our flight through hedges, inclosures, gardens, ditches, and brooks, nothing

nothing impeding our passage. Three cannon were fired to give the alarm to the surrounding country to stop our flight. Our distress was dreadful; fear gave us wings; we ran the whole night in the greatest trepidation, and happily passed the frontiers undiscovered.

CHAP. V.

*Peter and his Comrades go to Brunswick—
their means of procuring a subsistence.*

IT was necessary to form some resolution concerning where we should direct our steps, and also how we were to procure a subsistence, our flight having been so sudden, that we had no opportunity to make any provision of money. At day-break we found ourselves safe from the pursuit of the regiment, but assailed by hunger and thirst. We held a council of war, at which Haudritz, inexhaustible in resource, presided; our whole wealth consisted of four-pence, which was in the possession of Reyerberg. In this distressing situation, we determined to interest the charitably disposed in our
favour,

favour, and to change our uniforms for the dress of countrymen as soon as we could collect a sum sufficient for that purpose; in which disguise we determined to repair to the fair at Brunswick, which would be held in a short time, and there try our fortunes in some manner or other; hoping either to find employment among the strangers that repair to that place, or in case of failure to list into the service of the duke.

Our plan thus fixed, we heard the church bells ringing at the neighbouring village, for it was on a Sunday. We took the road to it, with the idea that men who attended holy worship would be glad to fulfil the duties of the day, by adding the meritorious action of charity to their prayers. The preacher was in the pulpit, and just giving out the subject of his discourse; it was from

the seventh chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew and the 15th verse. He took occasion to expatiate on good works, particularly recommending the duty of charity with such fervency and feeling, that the violence of the emotion rendered his voice hardly articulate before he reached the end of the subject. The sin of hardness of heart and avarice next furnished matter for his eloquence, exclaiming against them with such heat and abhorrence, that his words could scarcely find passage, and had nearly choaked him. We could not doubt but that this sermon had disposed all the auditors to benevolence, and immediately determined to put them to the proof. The holy man had hardly quitted the pulpit, when it struck us that both our duty and interest required that we should begin with himself, as it would furnish him with the pleasure

pleasure of putting in practice the charity which he had so warmly recommended.

We therefore hastened after him to his pastoral dwelling; where we found him with a long pipe in his mouth, quarrelling in the court with a peasant who was conjuring him in the most humble though earnest terms to administer baptism to his eighth child, and to dispense with the customary church rights on account of his extreme indigence. The anger of this Pharisee vented itself in reproaches against the poor fellow, whom he ordered to leave him, positively denying his suit. This was not a very powerful encouragement; we however presumed to present our humble request, frankly confessing how we had been deceived and forced to become soldiers, (which in truth was not the case of Hau-

dritz) also how we had freed ourselves from the yoke of such a slavery, by a bold though dangerous flight; finally, that we were resolve to procure our subsistence by some honest employment. The features of the holy man experienced a sudden change; he was no longer the feeling preacher who had so strongly recommended charity; for bursting into the most outrageous passion, he called us vagabonds, and threatened to have us stopped and delivered to the duke. We soon left him, but not without uttering some keen remarks on his behaviour, which however he perhaps did not hear or understand, his thoughts appearing wholly taken up with the dinner, which his wife informed him was ready. Hoping that the discourse had made more impression upon the auditors than the orator, we expressed our wants at every

every door in the village; but alas! the more wealthy part gave us ill language instead of assistance, and the poor had nothing to bestow. The countryman whom we had seen at the curate's, called us to him; and though the cruel refusal he had met with still soured his features, he gave us a little bread and some brandy, saying he was sorry he had not more. Delighted with his kindness, Reyerberg, in a fit of generosity, offered him our whole stock in payment for his hospitality; but the honest villager, notwithstanding his poverty, would accept of nothing. Haudritz, raging with resentment against the unfeeling nature of the human species, gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of anger; and with his usual fertility of invention, having formed a plan, he desired us to accompany him out of the village.

We walked a considerable distance without any one breaking silence; at length we arrived at a pleasant spot, by a brook side, where seating ourselves, Haudritz began thus: "You have seen sufficient to make a proper estimate of mankind; the villain lives in opulence, while the honest man is oppressed with want and misery. The ministers of religion are hypocrites, and preach a doctrine they have no inclination to follow, neither do the hearers observe it farther than concurs with their interest. The just and virtuous man is every where displaced, while the vicious finds all his desires accomplished. Ought we therefore to be astonished to find that no one will continue honest to be so ill rewarded? For as cheating becomes every day more common, the best men are no longer trusted, then who would suffer himself to die with
hunger,

hunger, for the sake of his probity, when after all, his miserable virtues would not even be recompensed by either belief or esteem? The world will be duped, then let us share in the deceit. I have formed some plans which will surely secure us from perishing with hunger; follow my advice, our situation will soon change for the better."

I plainly discovered the weakness of this reasoning. Haudritz reckoned as nothing the internal satisfaction produced by probity and piety. But it must also be considered, that our motives for virtue are much stronger when we are rich, under the eye of the public, and without temptation to act otherwise, than when at an early age we are thrown unfriended on the world, without employment, oppressed by the

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powerful,

powerful, and forced to struggle against indigence, want, hunger, and thirst. We therefore promised to follow his advice; and the man who, placed in our situation, with the same temptation, and the same disposition, would have acted otherwise, must have been more virtuous than we. We immediately began our enterprise. Haudritz, with a box in his hand, hastened to the neighbouring village, and pretending to cry violently, went from door to door relating his misfortunes, saying, "For the love of Heaven assist a poor discharged soldier, whose wife and four young children are lying on a sick bed, in the most dreadful agonies, without my being able to assist them in any measure. I do not ask for money, but for mercy sake give me some bread, or old linen, for these unfortunate sufferers." The violence of
his

his lamentation, and the manner in which he applied it to either the compassionate or vain, did not procure him the assistance he pretended to ask, but money, with which he returned in the evening to the place where we had appointed to meet, producing five livres, also assuring us he had lived well during the day.

For me, being provided with a pair of crutches, and my feet wrapped up in rags, I went to a neighbouring hamlet, where, with a good deal of disgust, I forced myself to relate a tale which Haudritz had devised. My figure inspired compassion; old maids were particularly kind to me; and on the whole I collected a good quantity of bread, money, and benedictions, towards facilitating my way to Heaven. I sold a part of my bread to some other poor whom I met,

and returned in the evening forty-eight
sous in pocket.

Reyerberg, furnished with his sword,
gave himself out for a Prussian soldier re-
turning from a furlough, who meeting with
a recruiting party of Austrians, had been
tricked of his passport and money. The
gentlemen of the town pitying his distress,
relieved him with six livres. Our frauds
meeting with such distinguished success,
and our revenues daily increasing, it may
easily be supposed that we did not relin-
quish this noble trade till we had put all
the neighbouring country under contribu-
tion. We did not always perform the same
characters, Haudritz particularly knew how
to suit his story to the disposition and qua-
lity of those he addressed. Where he
judged complaint would be useless, he
acted

acted the merry beggar, telling them his only dependence was on God and compassionate souls, concluding his request with a drinking song; the moment after composing his features, and singing psalms to old women. He flattered false devotees, by assuring them their names were celebrated all over the country for piety and charity. Sometimes he went among the principal people of the country, passing himself for an unfortunate gentleman, who had killed his adversary in a duel, and was necessitated to fly disguised as a common soldier. To ignorant curates he talked Latin, and French to those whom he found did not understand it sufficiently to discover his imperfection in that language. In a word, he lied with the most astonishing effrontery. But as it will sometimes happen, his own deceits often betrayed him;

for

for meeting the same people in different places, he would have forgot the name he assumed when he first saw them; mistakes that were recompensed with threats of chastisement, and which he sometimes with difficulty escaped. In a small principality, where his tricks were discovered, some Hussars led him politely to the frontiers, giving him a strict injunction no more to enter their territories. Notwithstanding these misfortunes, our fund daily increased, and when we reached Helmotondl, in the duchy of Brunswick, we possessed in all four louis d'ors. We sold our cloaths before we entered the town; they had been made for the last review, and were yet clean. Haudritz and myself had riding coats over our regimentals, which we had borrowed the night of our desertion, on purpose to disguise ourselves as coopers; but

But these coats we had found so heavy to walk in, that we had sold them as soon as possible. We now entirely changed our dresses, forged certificates, and continued our way to Helmstadt, where we gave out that we were students recalled to our country by the misfortunes of our parents, who had lost their whole property by fire. This contrivance procured us good entertainment, and augmented our purse to thirty-three crowns and a half, with which we continued our route to Brunswick by the way of Schoeningen.

Had we been virtuous, we should doubtless have become otherwise, from the strange scenes we were witness to during our peregrinations; we saw so many different kinds of people, all whom we observed in silence, and as they were not cautious of
their

their behaviour before beggars, we could not but discover fraud and dissimulation in every state, though concealed from the public eye by different forms and customs.

We particularly noticed the deceptions of those who kept houses of public entertainment, where, though you pay for your reception, yet as a certain degree of confidence is reposed in the host, he ought to render himself worthy of it by his probity.

There are certain situations in life where we are not displeased to meet with falsehood, as it forms an excuse for our own actions that are inconsistent with rectitude; for we hardly think it necessary to pay attention to the world when we can no longer esteem it.

We

We arrived at Brunswick; the fair was began; the strength of our purse had elevated our spirits, and we determined no longer to live by charity, but sharpening, which succeeding to our utmost wishes, we forgot to seek for services, being entirely taken up in practising our new talents. We exercised our art methodically, walking every evening about the city, in order to be acquainted with all the streets and bye-ways, each of us taking a different round, and meeting at night at an inn near the entrance of the city, kept by a man named Danchl, and on the high road to Wolfenbittel.

One morning during the drawing of the lottery, as I was passing before a grocer's shop, I heard the master talking to a taylor that was at a window opposite. "In two hours,"

hours," said he, "my friend, my fate will be decided; if my numbers are drawn, I shall be easy for life;" adding, he would give ten crowns to whoever brought him the good news. The taylor asked what numbers he had taken, which the grocer informing him, I immediately noted them in my pocket-book unperceived, and hastening to a neighbouring office, set a small sum on the same numbers.

I waited till a few numbers were drawn, when running hastily into the street where the grocer lived, with my policy of insurance in my hand, I began expressing my joy by a thousand antics and exclamations. The grocer was at his shop door, nor was it possible that in the morning he should have distinguished me among the crowd that were passing and re-passing.—"What's the matter,

matter, my friend?" said he, "What is the occasion of your rejoicing?" I answered carelessly, that I had been fortunate enough to gain an eighth of some numbers in my hand, all of which were just drawn. "Let me see them," said he impatiently. He looked, found three of his own among the number. "Is it possible!" cried he, it is very unlucky that your venture was so small; I have insured the same, but so largely, that they will bring me in some millions of crowns; and as your news well deserves ten, I will instantly give them to you." He took me into his shop, announced his good fortune to all the house, and presented me with the promised sum. I returned him many thanks, disappeared as soon as possible, and afterwards learnt that not one of his numbers had been fortunate.

In

In the mean time, Haudritz and Reyerberg had procured carriers frocks, and forging a bill of parcels, importing that they were intrusted with six ton of coffee to remit to a factor, they repaired to his house, entreating him to send and take charge of it. "I have not time," said Haudritz, "to get it brought hither, as I must return to-day; therefore pay me for the carriage; my lad shall stay and accompany you to the inn where it is lodged; or if not convenient now, you may send for it at any other time, as it is entered at the customs, and all expences paid."

The merchant immediately paid him the twenty crowns marked on the invoice, and Haudritz departed, leaving Reyerberg in the factor's warehouse. The merchant retired to dress, while Reyerberg walking up
and

and down, and sometimes advancing towards the door, till finding a proper opportunity, he slipped out at a moment when the clerks were too busy to pay any attention to him. He turned hastily down the first street, and taking off his carrier's frock, he threw it into a private yard, after which he pursued his way as though nothing had happened. This sharpening trick would doubtless not have succeeded, had not my friends been sure of their man, who, they were well informed, had his reason perpetually bewildered with brandy, rendering himself by that means incapable of minding his own business, and furnishing occasion of neglect to his assistants.

To excuse in some measure so culpable a life, Louis and me only regarded ourselves as the instruments of Providence, designed to

to punish the follies and frauds of mankind, neither did we ever injure people of probity and virtue. Though this no is justification of our impositions, I mention it to shew how easily men find excuses to themselves for committing acts of wickedness.

These politic and economical operations raised our common fund to the sum of ninety crowns, added to which our wardrobe was well stocked, and in general our provision cost us nothing. When we met with young people, either in the inns or public houses, we entered into conversation with them; if they played at billiards or cards, praised their dexterity, won their money, or at least lived at their expence. At length it came into our heads to go to the opera ball, and try our luck at pharo.

The

The caprice of chance usually favours those who do not deserve more solid success, and tries with adversity others who are recompensed by innate probity for the deprivation of ill-acquired riches. As for us, plunged in libertinism and idleness, we in a short time gained eight hundred crowns.

While our purse was light, each in turn had been the bearer, but now rich, we became suspicious of each other, and therefore divided our treasure, each making use of his share as he thought proper; for how can a durable union, founded on mutual confidence, subsist between men whose business is deceit? We hired two elegant furnished apartments in a hotel, where we passed under fictitious names, to cover our real condition.

I played

I played daily, and was generally fortunate; took great pains to decorate my person, purchasing rings and different trinkets, in order to ape the man of quality among the ignorant. We sometimes made parties into the country, where we gave a free scope to our tricks and sharpening.

One day we went into a neighbouring village, on purpose to pass the day in mirth; the master of the inn was a wearisome chatterer, boasting, and recommending his house before all others. "The day before yesterday," said he, "two counts dined here, and last night, the privy councillor **** slept in that bed—Will you have some wine?—There can be no better—Without boasting, for my liquor wants no praise but its own goodness, it is superior to that drank at court."

On

On

On calling for our bill, we found it extravagantly overcharged; and though it was immediately paid, Haudritz determined to be revenged, and some little time before our departure, asked the host if he could cut a small quantity of meat. "Certainly," replied he, "I cut large or small slices, according as desired, even three-pennyworth if you choose it." In a short time after, Haudritz appeared charmed with the beauty of a canary bird, which had sung the whole day melodiously. "I have the greatest curiosity," said he, "to taste a roasted canary bird; would it be possible to satisfy my inclination?" "Truly," replied the landlord, "it would be a dear morsel; for you may believe me, on the word of an honest man, that bird cost me four crowns."—"That may be," returned Haudritz, "however I have a great fancy to it, what—

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ever it cost; if you will roast it, I may at least satisfy my inclination." "Certainly," replied the host, "every thing in my house is at your service; but it cost me four crowns, as I before informed you; if I dress it, it will be purely to oblige you." He immediately dispatched the poor bird, which was soon roasted and served up, the landlord saying, "There, gentlemen, there is your expensive morsel."—"Cut us," replied Haudritz coldly, "three-pennyworth each." The landlord found he was tricked, and had recourse to entreaties, representations, and menaces, but all to no purpose, till at length, in the most violent paroxysm of rage, he threw the roast out of the window, and we departed, highly pleased with the revenge we had thus taken, in having so effectually punished the landlord for his imposition.

We

We passed the whole time during the fair in our usual manner; play indeed introduced us to some connections of respectability. This noble profession frequently associates the most vile and despicable of mankind with characters of the first consequence in society, levelling all distinction in its sordid pursuits. At one of the last masked balls, Reyerberg, whose purse was well filled, drew near the pharo table; the quantity of gold tempted him; he ventured four louis d'ors, and lost them. The loss urged him to double the stake, and he had the mortification to see his louis disappear one after another, until at length all his wealth was reduced to two crowns three livres. "I have lost it as I gained it," exclaimed he, cursing his ill fortune. When he joined us at the hotel, we were engaged at ombre with a young Dutch count, who

was overburthened with the weight of his ducats. A young, lively, but extravagant Englishman, with an excellent heart, and very rich, whose name was Sutherland, was drinking punch by our side. This gentleman had always taken particular pleasure in the company of Reyerberg, a preference that was really his due, from his gentleness, courage, and generosity ; for notwithstanding the irregularities and unjustifiable artifices to which necessity and seduction had forced us, yet the goodness of his heart was unalterable ; and there seldom passed a day which he did not signalize by some action worthy the most virtuous. In secret he would assist the unfortunate, comfort the afflicted, defend the oppressed ; he detested our mode of living, protesting that the pleasure of doing good was its own recompence, and beyond every other enjoyment.

ment. As we sat together at the hotel, we remarked in one corner a man plainly but neatly cloathed in a grey coat, overlooking with an air of melancholy an account that had been just delivered him for his eight days lodging. His looks plainly indicated his embarrassment and distress; heavy sighs escaped him, and tears involuntarily dropped from his eyes. Reyerberg was equally contemplating the unhappiness of his situation, and forming projects for some means of life less subject to the caprice of fortune; when observing the stranger, he was moved with compassion, and resolved to entreat him to disclose his distress. With this intention he drew near to him, and began an indifferent conversation, but with so much kindness, that he soon persuaded him to disclose his sorrow, and relate the cause of it to the company present,

present, which he did in the following manner.

ADVENTURES OF THE MAN IN THE
GREY COAT.

MY name is Brick; my father was a manufacturer of linen in the duchy of Wirtemberg; had he followed his own inclination in brining me up to the same business, I should now have been a useful citizen, in easy circumstances, and most probably the happy father of a family. But my mother, born and educated in the capital, among the pride and deceitful splendor under which courtiers and town residents conceal their sloth, and ignorance of useful knowledge, insisted that I should study the law, that I might one day be able to par-
take

take of the brilliant misery of the city flug-gards. I received the first rudiments of my education at Telm, and finished by studying the law at Goettingen, where, notwithstanding the disgust occasioned by such a dry and disagreeable pursuit, my head became so full of it, that in three years I was almost incapable of any thing that only required simple common sense. I thoroughly understood the Roman laws, was gifted with a prodigious memory; for on the score of understanding, Nature had not treated me like a step-mother. In short, I found myself capable of turning and twisting the laws and statutes of the Emperor Justinian, which were the least applicable to our constitution and customs, in such a manner, that in dispute I was sure to silence my opposers. This talent (if chicane is one) did not however diminish

my aversion for the profession, for I had a feeling heart, some understanding, and a taste for the polite arts. On returning from my studies, I was immediately to commence lawyer; the proposal disgusted me; nor was that disgust lessened, when initiated in the mysteries of Themis, I saw fortunes ruined by chicane, the rights of humanity destroyed, unhappy debtors plunged in destruction, the wealth of minors swallowed up by avarice, litigious counsellors galloping through ten sheets of dark and wearisome jargon, when ten lines of simple clear explanation would have answered the purpose, and have been better understood; the approbation given to these abuses by interested judges, for the richest party usually carries the cause, if he employs a cunning lawyer, who never fails to exhaust the weaker side, by pursuing the most ruinous means.

means. The ambiguity of the greater number of controversies renders it impossible for even an upright judge to pronounce according to his reason or conviction; he therefore must follow form, uncertain whether he has not wronged the innocent, and favoured the oppressor; even the courts of justice are filled with men of weak heads, who, from being perpetually perplexed with inexplicable suits, lose all penetration and plain understanding.

Discovering all these imperfections, and a number of others, my natural love of virtue and truth recoiled at the profession, and I returned a number of suits, which my relations and friends had recommended, for no other reason but that I thought them unjust. I wrote my cases in a simple and clear, though not a scientific stile; assisting

the honest poor man against his rich oppressor, taking no reward for the service; a conduct that impaired my fortune, hurt my credit, and ruined my name.

Death deprived me of my father, who left an easy competence, but in the power of my mother, who was weak enough to retire from business, and marry a young counsellor overwhelmed with debts, who soon squandered what my father had gained with such care and assiduity, also treating my mother so ill, that she died in a few years of a broken heart. I had no means but what I gained by my profession, and which I have already observed, hardly furnished me with necessaries.

Ill satisfied with my situation, I formed several plans to better it, but all in vain.

In

In looking round the world, I saw men raised to the utmost greatness by marrying the mistress of a minister; others placed in situations to increase the strength of the chief of a party against his adversary in vice, and to aid in the overthrow of so troublesome and dangerous an enemy; also the most despicable cheats set at the head of considerable farms, in order that the kitchens of the directors of finance may be well supplied; the most ignorant men made judges of the city at the instigation of women, who persuade their weak husbands to bestow favours on the very persons who cornute them.

So many contradictions at length shook my principles of virtue. "Deceit and imposition," said I, "are alone successful; my efforts to act uprightly are vain, neither

advancing the happiness of others nor my own, nor yet protecting me from indigence and disdain; let me therefore change my plan, and endeavour to come in for a share of the general pillage. Now, deaf to the cries of the unfortunate, my door was shut against distressed innocence; and instead of my usual freedom, I assumed an air of haughtiness, taciturnity, and thoughtfulness. My cases became volumes, and drew out the clearest suits to a wearisome and unpardonable length, by which means I attracted the attention of the courts of law, gained the countenance of interested judges, filled my pockets, cloathed myself elegantly, and led a life of ease and voluptuousness.

Whether it was from particular hatred, or to gain favour from the prince, I know not, but one of the ministers commenced a
very

very unjust suit against a country gentleman; it arose from the right of hunting on some lands adjoining to a domain appertaining to the crown. The claim of the sovereign was founded upon some frivolous title, which the solicitor-fiscal could not validate. My reputation was established for skilful chicane; the minister therefore sent for me, engaging me to undertake the cause, with a promise of considerable reward if I succeeded. Two years before, I should have rejected this proposal with all the dignity of offended virtue; no one indeed, at that period, would have presumed to ask me to undertake it; now I accepted the offer without hesitation.

By numberless tricks and artifice, I at length overpowered the country gentleman, and gained the cause for my employer, our
adversary

adversary having no resource but an appeal to the imperial chamber of Wetzlar, where I was well assured the cause would not be terminated till the day of judgment.

Unhappily for us, the affair suddenly took a very different turn; the wife and children of the unhappy gentleman threw themselves at the foot of the throne, and exclaimed aloud at the injustice of the sentence pronounced against them. The prince was naturally good; his greatest fault being the continual distractions which he suffered in his affairs, by holding the reins of government too slack, not seeing himself into the business of the state, consequently remaining ignorant of the iniquities committed in his name, deaf to the cries of oppressed innocence, that would not fail to accuse him before the tribunal of the Most High,

High, with flying from pleasure to pleasure, intoxicated with grandeur, and regardless of its complaints.

Alarmed at the recital of such glaring injustice, he commanded the affair to be examined into with the greatest perspicuity. The minister, fearful for himself, skilfully threw all the blame on the lawyers, assuring the prince that I had represented it to him in a false point of view, as he himself was so totally employed in the important business of the state, as not to be able to consider it with the attention he wished.

The sovereign, animated by sentiments of justice and equity, annulled the judgment, and ordered me to be struck off the list of lawyers, condemned to perpetual exile, and my wealth confiscated for pious uses.

uses. This terrible lesson re-animated in my bosom a desire to return to virtue ; but, alas ! I had no means by which I could prove my repentance, nor even any to protect me from hunger. An exiled reformed attorney is fit for nothing, not even for the lowest offices of society. At length I arrived here, in hope of procuring a situation as clerk to a trader ; my endeavours have not been successful ; I have passed eight days in this hotel ; my bill is now presented, and amounts to three livres more than I possess ; reduced to the last extremity, I have no resource to relieve my distress but theft, or death.

“ You shall have recourse to neither,” cried Reyerberg ; “ it is true I have lost my money at play ; six francs is all I have remaining, accept them ; banish then the thoughts

thoughts of dishonesty or death; the half is sufficient to discharge your bill, and with the rest let us drown the remembrance of our sorrows in punch; after which we will retire peaceably to rest, if not as great as princes, at least as happy as beggars; necessity will doubtless point out some means of relief. I am convinced that honesty alone is to be depended on, and am determined henceforward to change my course of life. Courage, friend, all will yet go well; the world is large; then never fear, but in some corner we shall meet with a safe and honest asylum."

Reyerberg continued for a considerable time talking to him in a manner that plainly evinced the goodness of his heart and the frankness of his character. We listened to him with pleasure; Sutherland was particularly

cularly charmed with the behaviour of Louis, and immediately asked him to accompany him on his travels. My friend accepted the offer with the greatest pleasure, testifying the utmost gratitude to the generous Englishman, and the agreement was immediately settled.

An actor, who happened to be present, engaged Brick to accompany him next day to the manager of the theatre, who, he had no doubt, he could persuade to add him to the number of the performers.

All parties retired well satisfied at midnight; the gold which Haudritz and myself still possessed from our sharpening, perhaps occasioned us not to go to rest with such resolutions of amendment as our companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*A sudden Change in the Situation of Peter—
The Fate of Haudritz.*

AMONG the circle of adventurers and gamblers that I had occasionally met during my stay at Brunswick, I became acquainted with an Italian, who called himself the Count di Fondini. He was about forty years old, above the middle size, brown complexion, a squinting look, a deep scar in his left cheek, and usually wore Spanish regimentals. He frequently went to the play, accompanied by a young lady of a most prepossessing appearance, extremely modest, seldom raising her veil, and apparently without acquaintance, as she spoke to no one. She happened one night

night to be in the lower boxes so near me, that I could observe her attentively; her features bespoke embarrassment and secret melancholy; the manner in which she looked at the count led me to suppose she was fearful of him; for if he chanced to go out, or turn to observe the piece, she immediately regarded me with greater softness and liberty. This behaviour was sufficient to interest me in favour of the fair Italian, for I was yet a novice in love, except my intimate, though unhappy connection with Mademoiselle Julia Nagelborn, the dissipated manner in which I had lived leaving no time for amorous adventures. My imagination teemed with sonnets and love-elegies for my new conquest, who I sometimes represented as giving me cruel refusals; at others, I interpreted her soft looks to a gentle exclamation of—"Alas, I dare not
listen

listen to you, I am watched too closely." Nay, I even persuaded myself, that I could read in her eyes a lively and tender participation of my sufferings.

I engaged a master to teach me Italian; and notwithstanding the life of dissipation I led, in about a month improved sufficiently to sustain a common conversation in that language. One evening at the play I drew a profile of my charmer, causing it to be cut out, set, and encircled with gold, to wear on my bosom. My inclination for music revived, every night playing the most tender *adagios*; in short, it was impossible to see my emotion, or hear my love-sick ditties, without compassion.

I took care to enquire for the habitation of the count, and was informed he gave
out

out that the charmer I adored was his wife. I paraded for hours every day before her window, when if she favoured me with one of her sweet looks, I was ravished with delight; or if on hearing me cough, she deigned to shew herself, I thought she countenanced my passion, and my joy knew no bounds. I encouraged the idea that she felt a tender prepossession in my favour, and was perpetually devising means to speak to her, but the vigilance of the count appeared to redouble; he no longer quitted her, or if necessitated to leave her for a short time, he remitted the care of her to an old domestic, who even followed her to mass. I could not help imagining, from the appearance of this servant, that he was corruptible, and carefully sought an opportunity to meet him alone; but when obtained, I found him so trusty, with such a

firm

firm attachment to his master, (notwithstanding he was a Frenchman) that I had the utmost difficulty, though I accompanied my request with a considerable present, to gain his consent to speak to his mistress on some family affairs, which I assured him were of the utmost importance.

But why should I tire my readers with a minute detail; suffice it to say, that my charmer employed all the artifices common to women; acted the prude, and pleaded her conscience, sighed, gave me hope, declared she feared her own weakness, and was perpetually combatting a heart too strongly interested in my favour, dropped a tear, sometimes let me wait, would put her hand on mine, draw it hastily back, suspect me, complain of the inconstancy of men, wish to be snatched from the power
of

of a tyrant; nay, she even gave me a rendezvous at her own house, when at the very moment our conversation had like to have become interesting, we were alarmed by the information of the count being just returned; I was therefore obliged to decamp as speedily as possible. In short, she led me like her slave; a conduct that determined me to elope with her. I had the utmost difficulty to persuade her to this step, which she only consented to from the repeated assurances I gave her of my sincerity, and the excess of my passion. My point thus gained, I went to consult my friend Haudritz on the best means of executing my dangerous project. Reyerberg had left Brunswick with the Englishman.

All other thoughts absorbed by the violence of my love, I paid no attention to any thing

thing that was passing ; it is true, I sometimes frequented my old assemblies, but my constant losses cured me of the rage of gaming. In this situation of mind, the absence of Haudritz, who had been missing for some days, gave me no concern, nor did I even notice it till I went to ask his assistance. I repaired to his dwelling, for we no longer lived in the same house ; but what was my surprize when informed of his situation ! A clerk of old Haudritz had been at the fair, in order to overlook some business relative to their commerce, which my companion having gained information of, imitated his father's hand, forging a letter of exchange to the amount. He had already presented it to a banker, when, unfortunately for him, his father arrived at Brunswick, and when he went to receive the amount, gave him the meeting at the dealer's.

dealer's. Exasperated at such behaviour, old Haudritz immediately ordered him to be seized, and conveyed to the house of correction at Hambourg.

This news made the strongest impression upon me; yet the passion in which my heart was so deeply interested, prevented it from being durable. Having no person in whom I could confide, I myself took the necessary arrangements for the intended elopement, gaining over to my interest the count's old servant, to whom I made a considerable present, and promised a yet greater; softened by my generosity, he even offered to procure a coach, assuring me he was acquainted with a coachman whose fidelity and discretion might be depended on. He was to take us as far as a convent near Groslar, from whence we were to pass into the

the mountains for some time, and then repair to the country of the Grisons, where my charmer said she had rich and powerful friends, who tenderly loved her, and who would willingly consent to our union, as she had been taken from them by force, and her connection with the count illegitimate, not being consecrated by the church.

The completion of this business was deferred until a day when the Count di Fondini usually attended a large company of gamesters. I packed up my trunks, securing all my wealth, and the long desired for evening at length arrived. My goddess, attended by the old domestic, repaired to the place where the coach waited, previously loaded with our baggage; we immediately jumped in, and departed full speed.

We had already proceeded about two leagues, during which I had a thousand times at least expressed my gratitude and raptures to the amiable object of my tenderness. In idea I was the happiest of mortals, already fancying myself allied to a rich and respectable family, to whom I was hastening with a beloved and long-lamented relation, representing to myself in the most flattering colours the gracious and rapturous reception I should meet with, for such a singular service.

Part of our road lay through a thick and gloomy wood, into which we had advanced but a little way, when the count overtook us on the full gallop. It was too late to repent of the imprudence I had committed in entirely trusting to a vagabond stranger, not being even furnished with pistols. The coachman

coachman immediately stopped, and leaped from his seat, as did also the servant, the pretended ignorance of the latter being only a feint to draw me more compleatly into the snare. The Count di Fondini dismounted, and, assisted by the two attendants, fell on me, striking me with the utmost violence, without articulating a single word, only ceasing now and then to encrease my humiliation by repeated bursts of laughter at my melancholy aspect. I supplicated and entreated by turns, and should doubtless have cried out for assistance, but was restrained by knowing myself the aggressor. I defended myself to the utmost of my power, but unarmed, my efforts were fruitless, and I sunk beneath their blows. After wearying themselves with their cruelty, they stripped me, giving me some other cloaths, which when they had forced me

to put on, they burst into fresh fits of laughter, in which my amiable mistress joined, instead of expressing the least pity for her distressed lover. After they had satisfied their mirth at my expence, they departed in the coach, taking with them my trunks, and all my riches, notwithstanding I had as much right to them as a prince has over a kingdom he has gained by conquest.

“Faith, friend Peter,” said I when I saw them depart, “this is hard usage thou hast just undergone; the devil take all womenkind; this is the second time they have thrown thee into misery. What is to be done? Cry out, complain, and cause the robbers to be pursued—But who art thou? What name wilt thou assume before the judge? What account wilt give when asked
how

how thou became possessed of the money the villains have stolen? How wilt thou certify it to be thy property? When they enquire into thy occupation, thy means of life, what answer wilt thou make? If——”

A torrent of tears interrupted this soliloquy; I threw myself on the earth, where I remained until grief insensibly gave way to reflection. It was necessary to fix on something; I therefore rose, and retook the way to Brunswick, though uncertain what means I should adopt. I found in one of the pockets of my black breeches, which were the only part of my cloaths the villains had left me, some trifle of money, which fortunately I had not put into my purse—that the Count di Fondini (curse on him) had taken care to secure. I appropriated this to pay for my night's lodging, but my evil destiny determined I should be lodged gra-

tis; for as I was sitting at an ordinary that I had entered to procure refreshment, I remarked a jolly man, whose inquisitive eye bespoke him an agent of justice, look at me for some time with the utmost attention; he then drew from his pocket a public paper, out of which he read in a low voice to his comrade a particular description of my present dress. The account was perfect, nothing being wanting; the brown coat, with little yellow buttons and broad facings, the waistcoat of green plush, bound with a narrow galoon, the little pinched up hat, with a chequered silver binding; in short, the whole of the grotesque habiliments which the Italian banditti had obliged me to assume, and that doubtless were the wreck of some person's wardrobe whom they had saved the trouble of bequeathing, by taking the right in themselves.

The

The venerable ministers of Themis had no sooner satisfied themselves that my clothing exactly agreed with that described in the paper, than they introduced two of the principal officers of justice, who, notwithstanding my prayers and resistance, conducted me the same night to Wolffenbittel, where they lodged me in a dungeon until I should be interrogated the next day.

The examination lasted fifteen days, during which they were particularly careful of my health, making me observe the most salutary regimen. My person did not at all agree with the description of the culprit they pursued, and my answers to their interrogatories gave no light into the matters laid to my charge. Notwithstanding as my history appeared extraordinary, and there being many breaks in point of time,

not so convenient for me then to account for, I should not have been so soon released, but for the generous compassion which all courts of justice have for the unhappy victims of the law, hastening the final sentence as soon as possible. The same generous motive however obtained me a milder judgment: I was banished the city for ever, obliged to leave my cloaths at the foot of the tribunal, as evidence of the crime, and wrapping myself up in an old riding coat given me by the register, I departed as soon as possible.

CHAP. VII.

*Peter enters successively into several Families
as Servant.*

IT was near the end of autumn, the morning was cool, and the wind blew keenly through the numerous apertures in the old riding coat. My body was weakened by the unwholesome vapours of the subterraneous dwelling to which I had been accustomed; I was assailed by hunger, and my spirits depressed by the melancholy fate that pursued me. I walked along the high road, uncertain whither to direct my steps; after some hours travel, I reached a religious house, founded for ladies of quality, whose compassionate souls I endeavoured to interest by the recital of my misfortunes,

and succeeded beyond expectation. I recounted my adventures with the scrupulous veracity of a pensioned historiographer, drawing so distressing a picture of highway robbers, unjust imprisonments, and the miseries I had sustained by thirst and hunger, that they entered into my sufferings, hastening to provide me with cloaths, linen, and money. After cheering my spirits by a good meal, one of them gave me a letter of recommendation to a bailiff, who lived about three leagues from the convent. I implored the blessing of Heaven on these charitable ladies, continued my journey, and arrived safe at the place of my destination, delivering the letter according to the direction.

The bailiff was one of those opulent people who live at home in a stile of luxury,

but

but appear abroad in an economical manner, complaining when they renew their leases of the hardness of the times, the destruction of the harvest by hail storms, of the low price of corn, and other certain losses. His house was furnished with the greatest convenience, and his wife decorated herself with jewels. When they received company the dinner occupied a space of four hours, the tutor and secretary having orders to quit the table always on the entrance of the second course.

I know not whether the villagers of the bailiwick were happy under him, but that's a point little attended to in those countries, where the nephews or dependents of ministers, without knowledge in agriculture, or talents in any respect necessary for the undertaking, and almost incapable of signing
their

their own names, are principal of the domain.

The letter of my benefactress perused, I was questioned concerning my former situation, which being satisfied in, it was then only necessary to be informed what I was able to do. The bailiff was in want of a servant; I informed him I could write, dress hair, and play on the violin; from which recommendations he immediately received me, ordering me to put on the old grey livery with green facings, belonging to my predecessor, and which was three or four inches too short for me.

My situation in this house was by no means unhappy; my occupations, it is true, were numerous: first, it was necessary to arrange the apocryphal peruke of my master,

master, then decorate the head of his lady with false hair, teach music to the son, help to transplant the young trees, and copy the reports from the chamber of domains; but the good cheer I met with amply compensated for the variety of my employments.

However there is no happiness lasting in this life, as Rollin assures us, (or if he did not, he might have informed us of it, among the number of trivial truths he has advanced.) My stay at the bailiff's was short; had I known how to have managed my interest in that house, his power might one day have procured me a good place; I should doubtless have entered the bands of Hymen, and become the father of a numerous family, and my readers have been deprived of the inexpressible pleasure of perusing my interesting and instructive adventures.

ventures. Nay, I hope to give yet more to the public, unless the art of blackening paper, like that of painting glass, is lost in our days.

The bailiff's lady had a very ugly dog, who had not only the infirmities of age to combat, but also the ill consequences of a life of too much indulgence; he was so surfeited by the savory meats on which he was fed, and so totally enervated by them, that far from being a pleasing object, he strongly portrayed the moving skeleton of a debauched old courtier. This dog, notwithstanding its hideous figure, was tenderly beloved by my mistress, who commanded me to take particular care of the poor beast, and even to sit up with it on those nights she supposed it too ill to be able to sleep; orders of this nature disgusted

gusted me, though I was necessitated to feign obedience. One day my mistress called me to carry this disgusting animal out a walking, in order to facilitate the digestion of a biscuit, with which she had just been feeding it. As I attempted to take him in my arms, doubtless not being inclined to quit the apartment, he rewarded my attention by biting me sharply on the finger. The pain I experienced, added to the hatred the filthy beast had always inspired me with, banished prudence, and I gave him a smart blow, which unhappily lighting on his head, the favourite dropped dead at my feet; indeed, had it fallen on any other part of his pampered, crazy body, most probably it would have been equally as fatal. Alas! I was far from intending this catastrophe. The tears of Niobe for the murder of her children were not so bitter; the sorrow of

Jacob

Jacob for the loss of his son Joseph was not half so acute; the cries of the lionsess deprived of her young were not half so terrible; but poetic images are superfluous, for the lady did not confine herself to complaint, sorrow, or tears; for flying at me with the greatest fury, she clawed, buffeted, and tore my face, at the same time raving like a dragon. It was a most horrible and distressing scene. After this Megara had appeased the manes of the object of her tenderness, she ran to her husband, commanding him to turn me instantly out of the house. I must do justice to the bailiff, he used every possible means to calm the rage of his adorable Medea, but all attempts were fruitless; docile and submissive, accustomed to obedience, he was obliged to consent to her desires, and I was immediately turned out of doors, but not before the

the bailiff had watched his opportunity, and privately given me an honourable discharge and a considerable present.

Not far from the village I was thus necessitated to leave, lived a man whose protection I determined to entreat. His name was Marcellus; he had been a violin player in the orchestra of the Duke of ***; but having had his left arm struck with the palsy, he had been provided with a place as director in the department of the finances. I know not whether he was equally capable of filling the last situation as the first, but the place was lucrative, and that was sufficient for his purpose. The duke's successor, who was an upright and just prince, however gave him to understand, that he would do well to resign. In consequence of which information, he thought it prudent to demand

mand his dismissal, and retire to an estate he had purchased in the neighbourhood of the bailiff. As he was still greatly attached to music, I determined to offer him my humble services.

I found him in his garden, employed in ordering a number of alterations; I addressed him, relating my adventure, and expressing my wishes to be admitted into the number of his domestics, nor did the offer appear disagreeable to him. "What prepossesses me in your favour, my friend," said he, "is that you understand something of music; a musician is capable of any thing. I want a gardener, will you accept the place? It is not necessary that you should understand the art of gardening; I will instruct you myself in every thing relative to culture; but you must be attentive;

a man

a man with musical talents is capable of every improvement."

It may be supposed I was easily persuaded to accept his offer; he therefore immediately ordered me to accompany him round the garden, and receive the necessary instructions.

Never had I yet seen any thing so absurd as the director's garden, being entirely laid out in the most whimsical and ridiculous stile. The Dutch taste, which was predominant, did not a little contribute to disfigure nature; the parterres, instead of flowers, were ornamented with broken china and coloured glass of divers sorts, arranged in cyphers. There was no shade; four ribs of whalebone stuck in the earth, and crossing each other at top, formed a pavilion.

The

The trunks of the trees were painted white; a prodigious number of yews cut into different forms, representing sceptres and columns, with heads and imitations of hair, bordered the walks. The statues were flesh coloured, and among others was a Hercules with whiskers; a grotto whose entrance was towards the south, and mostly constructed of common stones, cut in the form of lobsters, cats, trussed and larded hares, scorpions, hams, and other rarities of the same kind, all painted in their natural colours, and presenting a most ludicrous appearance. Close to the road side, which immediately joined the garden, was a hermitage, in which sat a wooden Socrates, dressed in common habiliments, a chefs board and a dish of coffee before him, a label from his mouth with these words, "As Solomon observes, all is vanity," and over the

the door this inscription, "The retreat of the wise Socrates."

The furniture of the house belonging to the director of finances was in the same stile of elegance; old plaster images new coloured and repaired, their heads fixed on wires, so that they shook on the smallest motion; and over the chimney-piece of his cabinet was a Venus de Medicis, who was perpetually nodding. The floor of the saloon was painted green, and by the art of a certain piece of concealed mechanism, every stranger that entered was alarmed by a stuffed fox, which rushed out to meet him. The apartments were decorated with a prodigious number of miserable engravings in blue frames, placed without regularity or form, as the King of Prussia by the side of Henry the Fourth; Voltaire and Rousseau;

Rouffeau ; Cartouche and Washington ; a view of Basle and the battle of Colleix. The anti-chamber contained his small collection of books. Such was the taste of the gentleman whom I had the honour to serve as gardener.

We were very good friends for the first year ; the care I took of his garden gave him singular pleasure ; for as I well knew the person I had to deal with, I humoured his taste for the extraordinary, forming such uncommon plans, that even the designer of a cit's garden could never equal.

In the evening, which was our time of recreation, we had concerts ; our house-keeper, about ten years before, had been a chorus singer to the opera at Paris, where she enjoyed the reputation of having a fine squall.

squall. M. Marcelius, notwithstanding the accident of his arm, scraped a little, and sung bass in a lisping tone; the school-master likewise gave his assistance; and all being reinforced by some fiddlers, who played at the common merry meetings, we executed the most difficult music, scraping and murdering without compunction the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese, and other master-pieces of harmony.

The housekeeper enjoyed the particular confidence of our master; they had been long acquainted, but the constancy of the director appeared to have fatigued the lady, who thought herself amiable enough to charm a younger man. I was unlucky enough to please her, and she determined to gain my heart; she taught me French, in order to enable me to sing in the chorusses

russes of *Les Talens Lyriques*, and other fine operas of the same kind. These instructions, which frequently furnished us with opportunities of being alone, she employed in endeavouring to win my affection, sparing no pains to gain her purpose, such as paint, the decoration of her theatrical wardrobe, pantomine tricks, nay even some very expressive and plain proposals. I know not whether my former melancholy experience in love, or my connection with a young girl in the house, or perhaps the marks of age that sat on the brow of Madame Gangrelle (for so was she called) caused me to avoid the temptation, certain it is I cannot plead virtue in this case; for if the wife of Potiphar was not more charming than this antique housekeeper, I do not wonder that Joseph preferred leaving his coat. Gangrelle's eyes were hollow, her mouth

mouth on one side, a snub nose, five false teeth, her person boney, her skin shrivelled and yellow; to compleat all, notwithstanding she perpetually chewed spicy sweetmeats, her breath was not so fragrant as that which Solomon so poetically describes in his Song. To add to my misfortune, the old warbler took my indifference for timidity, which she determined to conquer, resolving to be convinced whether my bashfulness arose from moral or physical causes.

The young girl, of whom I have before spoken, slept alone in a small apartment; I did the same on the ground floor. Man is made for society, nor is there any thing more gloomy than passing the night alone; the girl and myself therefore agreed to visit each other in our cells, but to cautiously conceal our private friendship from the rest

of the house. One cold winter's night, when the family were retired to rest, Charlotte having some business to finish in the kitchen, and being unwilling to go up stairs to her own apartment, entered mine. I was just gone to the stable to speak to the coachman, who had returned late from the city. Charlotte knew this, and retired to my bed expecting my return. Mademoiselle Gangrelle, who was ignorant of our arrangement, determined this night to vanquish my timidity; (darkness was favourable to her beauty) she stole softly down stairs, opened the door of my cell, calling me tenderly in a soft voice. Charlotte was almost dead with fear, but took care to remain silent, and lay still, in hopes that as no one answered, Gangrelle would depart, and she should escape unknown. The charitable housekeeper doubtless thought my sleep

sleep profound, and therefore slipped gently into the bed by the side of the terrified girl. The deception did not last, and the adventure concluded in a manner truly tragicomic. The moment of my return was the most interesting of the whole; for going towards my apartment, I verily thought it was haunted, and hastened to open the door; by the aid of my lantern, I discovered the two vestals at fifty-cuffs; the dispute at first had only been verbal, but had now come to blows, holding each other by the hair, screaming, and giving a free licence to their natural eloquence, fertile in invectives and abuse. To have separated these furies would have been impossible; had I attempted it, it is probable their rage would have turned on myself; I therefore thought it most prudent to beat a retreat. The horrid uproar of this female combat

had awakened the old musician, who arrived with a candle in his hand; doubtless he thought the house beset with thieves, and was flying for an asylum to his dear Gangrelle. The haste with which I ran from this scene of confusion prevented my seeing him; in my precipitation I threw him down; the light was extinguished, and his fall, if I might judge from his complaints and groaning, was severe, I had no time to lose; the catastrophe must doubtless be fatal to me, even though my old master should not have been hurt; I therefore took advantage of the general consternation, ran into the anti-chamber, taking my money, the best of my cloaths, and what I could conveniently carry, (without touching the property of others) I hastily quitted the house and village, happily passing the frontiers before day-break.

“ House-

"Housekeepers!" exclaimed I, "are ever to be the bane of my happiness; whether I encourage or repulse their love, it is equally unfortunate. Happy, thrice happy, however, in escaping this last snare." To confess the truth, the house of M. Marcellus, his Babylonian gardens, and concerts of Pierides had long been wearisome to me. My purse was well supplied, considering the situations I had filled, a circumstance that gave me courage; I therefore wished for a more extensive sphere to act in, and determined to trust to the happy destiny that had so often befriended me.

The account I had heard of Francfort-on-the-Main, determined me to seek my fortune in that great city. It is true it was a considerable distance, but I relied on the kindness of the German postilions, who, in

spite of the indefatigable pains taken to correct that abuse, have always the charity to receive into their diligences any traveller they overtake on the road, for a slender recompence. Those who are booked at the coach-office being frequently incommoded by the number, nasty smell, and filthy appearance of their fellow-travellers thus forced on them. This inconvenience, added to the quantity of trunks and other lumber with which public conveyances are filled, cause those who can afford it, to quit them as soon as possible, and go post; others who cannot bear that enormous expence, prefer continuing their journey on foot, in their turns profiting of the compliant humour of the postilions, if they chance to be fatigued, it most usually happening that those who walk reach the place of their destination sooner than the vehicles; a truth which

which may appear incredible, but can be well averred.

My expectations were not frustrated; I crossed the whole electorate of Hanover, the principality of Hesse and Wetteravie, for some crowns. Beside this advantage, I was treated with more attention than the fixed passengers; for as my carriage cost me much less, I could afford to be more generous to the postilions, a benevolence that not only distinguished me from my companions, but also procured me the liberty of smoaking during the whole day, notwithstanding the opposition and complaints of the fixed passengers.

Among the last mentioned was a man dressed in a kind of French regimental. As soon as ever we reached the gates of a town

he left the diligence, and walked through it on foot, as though he was ashamed of his carriage; he spoke but little, but what he said was decisive. We took him for some distinguished character, who travelled incognito; and as in this lower world people are usually treated according to the appearance they assume, we had the utmost complaisance for him. A stranger would have supposed he defrayed all our expences, so great was our attention; but he took especial care of that, paying no more than was exactly his proportion. When we stopped, he placed himself at the head of the table, chose the best bed, the most commodious seat, and the warmest corner; notwithstanding, as such behaviour is common among people of quality, I could think him nothing less than a man of rank, and therefore determined to gain his good graces, thinking

thinking he might be useful to me. I related him a part of my adventures, informing him that I sought a service, and humbly entreated his protection. He listened with the dignity common to men of importance, and promised to think of some way of life that might suit me.

On our arrival at Friedberg, he addressed me thus : “ My friend, I here quit the diligence, as I shall go post the remainder of the way ; if you choose to accompany me, I will take you to Francfort, and keep you as my own servant, until you meet with some place to your liking ; for as I want no domestic at this time, I cannot pay you so well as I could wish ; but you please me, and in your present situation, I think my proposal will not be disagreeable to you.”—I accepted his offer with pleasure

and gratitude, and accordingly went with him to Francfort.

M. de Lippeville was the appellation of my new master; he was about forty-five, a Hessian by birth, his father a clergyman in a village, and his name Lippstadt. A captain of hussars in the French service, who lived in the neighbourhood, took young Lippstadt to bring up for his servant. He accompanied the captain in a campaign, had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the world, particularly the customs and manners of the French. Some years after he changed his situation for that of valet de chambre to the ambassador of Denmark, then at Paris. After this he became secretary to a prelate who could not write, a circumstance not at all uncommon. During his stay with the ecclesiastic, he so compleatly gained

gained the good graces of a relation of that gentleman, that he took him for a companion in his travels, buying him the title of captain; but the present which the Neapolitans have had the generosity to make us, cut this young lord off at Aix-la-Chapelle, and again left M. Lippstadt, who now had assumed the name of Lippeville to seek a new situation. With the little he had made shift to save, he bought an annuity, partly sufficient to support him, trusting for the remainder of his subsistence to the never-failing fund of flattery, and which he reaped the fruits of by travelling with great economy from one little court to another, for in those places such characters act a distinguished part. Unhappily he could not succeed in procuring an establishment, nor yet fix his fortune by a rich marriage, though he had addressed several ladies,

ladies, some of whom even wanted an eye, and were thirty years beyond a marriageable age. Notwithstanding he failed in his intention of procuring a permanent situation, yet as he enjoyed the advantage of living at the expence of the princes he visited, his purpose was not entirely frustrated.

Skilful in conforming himself to the humours of those who were necessary to him, he repeated to each what he knew they would be pleased to hear, assumed an air of importance, and spoke of princes (when he was distant from them) as his most intimate friends. In short, he was universally carested, every one thinking themselves happy in his acquaintance. A trusty confidant, moderate in his pleasures, sober through necessity, particular in his manners,

ners, never saying his thoughts openly, deserving no one's hatred, but attracting universal attention. The ladies particularly received him graciously, for he could relate above four hundred tales with additions and embellishments of his own, knew by heart the innumerable enigmas of the French Mercury, proposing them whenever the discourse grew slack, amused the company by flight of hand, related what he affirmed true stories of persons unknown, attached himself to fashionable people, always dined in company, formed parties of pleasure, was consulted on entertainments, and admitted into houses where entrance was difficult to others, being equally trusted with the care of mothers and daughters, and considered as a harmless inoffensive character. At home he lived with frugality and economy in the extreme, even
sitting

sitting without fire, in the most inclement weather.

Francfort appears a very favourable situation for idle persons; indeed it seems their natural soil, for they multiply and increase in this city like herrings; but the fate of their domestics is by no means to be envied. I received so little emolument from M. de Lippeville, that I began earnestly to wish for another master, when one night as I stood at the door of the hotel where we lodged, a little French *desobligeante*, with two horses, stopped before it. As there happened to be no person ready at the moment, I helped the stranger from the carriage. He was a tall, well made, thin man, in the French regimentals of the gens d'armes, was remarkably graceful in his manner, spoke to me in French, and appeared

peared rejoiced to find I was able to converse with him in that language. On my lighting him to his apartment, he informed me he wanted a valet de chambre; I immediately offered my service, which was accepted without hesitation.

The next morning I entreated my discharge from M. de Lippeville, obtained it, and changed my situation without knowing who I was going to serve, hoping however that his dignity surpassed that of the Sieur de Lippeville, or at least that his purse was better furnished. I was not disappointed in the latter desire, and remained two years with him.

But it is time to bring my readers acquainted with my new master. He called himself the Chevalier Ventalair, and in the travels

travels he was perpetually making, assumed the appearance of having business of the utmost importance, but without ever explaining its nature or his own occupation. Arrived at a place where he intended to stay some time, he drew from his trunks a number of essences, also a quantity of vials filled with different spirits and chymical preparations, spreading them round his apartment, and loading the tables with mystical books, the purport of which was to shew how Nature acts in her productions, and to discover what till now has appeared concealed, under a sacred and impenetrable veil, from the greatest philosophers. In these books were all sorts of ridiculous metaphors, darkly demonstrated with so much precision, that a man of the most common understanding must comprehend them, unless the interior light was denied him. I
have

have since observed, that this interior light usually falls to the share of the ignorant ; for a man who has the courage to consult his own reason, and follow common sense, looks on these assertions as fallacies borrowed from the old school of philosophy, whose false science has been long discovered, and refuted by recent experience ; or otherwise those errors are drawn from the fanatical writings of ignorant pretenders in the age of barbarism. M. Ventaulair was cunning enough to know how easy it is to captivate mankind by any thing that leads towards the wonderful ; struck by what is incomprehensible, false shame prevents them from owning to each other that they do not comprehend it, lest they should be accounted as men of no understanding : for myself, who am but a person of common knowledge, I ingenuously confess that I could
never

comprehend these august mysteries; nor yet discover how they can be useful to mankind; nay, indeed, the chevalier owned to me, when I had obtained his confidence, that it was nothing more than a crafty trick, adopted by men who had no other means of subsistence. He even promised to instruct me in his science, that in my turn I might reap the benefit of it; he was true to his promise.

My new patron had thoroughly studied the subtle art of turning the follies of mankind to his advantage. He would let fall an expression, or shew, as by chance, something that would excite curiosity, and when entreated to explain, would give half answers, or else those which tended to perplex the subject further. To this talent he joined a species of free masonry, pretending to hold

hold a privilege from one of the first lodges in France, to distribute forty-five degrees in Germany for a proper consideration. It was really diverting to see the credulity of mankind, and the facility with which he persuaded them he could sell truth, having monopolized the whole of that article from a nameless and unknown philosopher.

Dupes flocked in crowds, and our harvest was abundant; I say ours, because I performed my part in the business, answering our extensive correspondence, and from time to time giving a faithful account of our success to an ex-jesuit, who lived in the environs of Manheim, and who appeared to borrow an example from the proceedings of M. de Ventaulair, adopting the same line of conduct, and observing similar precautions.

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The following anecdote will prove the effrontery of my master. A physician sought his friendship, probably to penetrate into his mysteries, and sound the depth of his science. The intimacy was soon cemented; and one evening having supped together, the physician entreated him to relate his history, and by what means he had acquired the knowledge of the invaluable secrets he was possessed of. Our adventurer, not considering he was engaged with a man of understanding, had recourse to his usual expedient, that of lying with consummate effrontery; and after some short resistance, to enhance the value of the confidence reposed in the physician, he began thus—

“ As I look on you as my friend, I will conceal nothing, but inform you truly of my adventures. Madrid is my country,
and

and this is my origin. An officer of the German guards, called the Baron of Steinbach, returning home late one evening, found at the bottom of the stairs a bundle——

“ Wrapped in a white linen cloth,” replied the doctor, interrupting him.——

“ Abominable impostor, it is a tale thou hast taken from Gil Blas de Santillane.”

My chevalier would have replied, but the doctor did not give him leave, bestowing on him so powerful a dose of raillery and abuse, that he had nearly lost his breath in the articulation. “ Miserable vagabond,” exclaimed he, “ who came hither to dupe honest people, to teach universal remedies, and instruct in preparing the philosopher’s stone! Learn, infamous liar, audacious quack, that I have closely observed, and
long

long discovered thy deceptions. If there are secrets such as thou braggest possessing, they are not trusted to such sharpening adventurers as thee. Those who know them do not boast, attempt to make no proselytes, nor pretend to teach what mortals cannot understand; so far from it, they think it a duty incumbent on them to turn the public from such delusive attempts to gain inaccessible wealth, representing it as false speculation, and a vain chimera; or if otherwise, and Providence designs them to enlighten mankind, he doubtless will accomplish his purpose without the aid of sectaries. But for thee, who art a cheat, beware how thou utterest one word more respecting thy false science; pack up thy essences, and hasten thy departure, so shalt thou escape the mortification I mean for thee, if thou art deaf to my advice."—At

gnot

these

these words the doctor rose, and regarding my master with a look of disdain, quitted the apartment.

The poor philosopher remained motionless for some time with surprize and fear; at length gnashing his teeth, he exclaimed, "Plague choak thee—Peter, we will depart to-morrow morning."—Without explaining himself farther, he retired to bed; and rose at day-break, and took the road to Ratisbon.

CHAP. VIII.

Peter becomes initiated into the Mysteries of the high Mystical Science, and works under the Inspection of his Instructor.

NOTWITHSTANDING I used my utmost endeavours, and whole stock of wit, to amuse and divert the thoughts of my philosopher from the humiliation he had undergone; he was in extreme ill temper during the whole journey, for I had been witness of the scene with the incredulous doctor. "Men are unworthy the attention we bestow on them," said I to the chevalier, where we stopped to dine; "we have been unlucky at Francfort, but no matter, do not let that vex, or cast down your courage; our theory, without being entirely practicable,

practicable, is nevertheless very excellent; and no doubt the venerable superiors of our order will take proper steps to protect us; for to say the truth, the brutality of the doctor was beyond all sufferance." —

"We have nothing to fear from him," replied the chevalier, with an air of confidence, "he shall not escape the chastisement he deserves; in a short time, a most defamatory libel shall scourge his name, and render him suspected by the world; our blows shall strike without his divining from whence they rise; his punishment shall serve as an example to all who dare attack us, for we will every where spread the utmost scandal on his name; having stopped us in our progress shall cost him tears of bitterness; or, if he is so hardened, not to regret his fault, he shall experience the power of my art. *Tibymalum, ancoram &*

*aquam tofanam semper aestima, nam sedam
fitim persecutorum veritatis (Vide Reflectionem
primæ Noctis.)* In a word, he shall repent.
Be faithful and discreet, my friend, it will
be for thine own profit. On my arrival at
Ratisbon, I will recommend thee to some
persons who will interest themselves in thy
fate."

As we travelled day and night, we soon
reached the place of our destination; the
philosopher immediately waited on his con-
federates, with whom he had many private
conferences during fifteen days.

The doctors of the mystic science whom
I knew at Ratisbon, and also in other
places, do not enjoy, I must confess, any
great reputation on the article of virtue.
One had too intimate a connection with his
maid;

maid; another every day bewildered his understanding with wine; a third, united by the most sacred ties to a spouse of worth, kept an actress. All this might be sufficient to inspire weak minds with a mistrust of a philosophy that does not purify the manners of its professors; though the venerable superiors themselves pay little attention to that point. The pitiful rusticity of the writings which they published about this time ought to cause little surprise, when we consider it was impossible for them, and even contrary to their interest, to employ enlightened and upright men to correct their dark memoirs. On the other hand, it was a proof of their deepest policy to assume an obscure and enigmatical manner of writing, as it shewed them superior to seeking the approbation which a foolish and weak world, prone to decide in favour of

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genius,

genius, are apt to bestow on wit, judgment, and understanding.

Among the most distinguished of the chevalier's friends was a famous apothecary, newly arrived from Petersburg; during his residence in the capital of Russia, he had been visited by one of his brethren equally celebrated, with whom he concerted the infamous deception of passing themselves for priests; a plan they both had executed with the utmost effrontery. But far be it from me to enter into details of such infamous deceit; to the public be the care of unmasking those hypocrites, whom superstition idolizes; for I have neither leisure nor inclination to relate the guilty and numberless anecdotes, which might induce their weak and foolish votaries to shake off the enchantment. The zealous apothecary,

of

of the sect of Ninety-nine, was a most consummate hypocrite, educated in a convent of jesuits, now governed by those reverend fathers, and a worthy disciple of such excellent masters.

The chevalier, purposing to take a long journey, in which, as he determined to take no servant, he endeavoured to procure me a good situation; therefore recommended me to the illustrious apothecary, whose various employments required an assistant. This circumstance was particularly fortunate for me; for exclusive of being comfortably situated in the house of this master of pharmacy, I might promise myself many advantages from the art of learning to make gold. I entered with pleasure into my new occupation, working cheerfully in the laboratory, and by the cares

and instructions of my protector, soon rose to the important situation of foreman. In our leisure hours we compounded specimens of universal medicines, prepared from the prescriptions, or chymical processes, discovered in some abstruse and unknown old books. Our nostrum prepared, we distributed it in large quantities to our pupils, who tried its virtue on poor profane sufferers, returning us an account how many survived the violence of the panacea; by which means we delivered many souls, eager for celestial felicity, from the terrestrial covering that held them captive. However, we took care to throw our failures on want of belief, chastity, or prudence in the patient. Notwithstanding the numberless shocks which repeated deaths gave to our deceitful art, there were physicians weak and wavering enough to try the effect of

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of our drugs on the sick who depended on their skill. The situation I now filled presented me with a thousand opportunities of witnessing the deplorable ignorance of these sons of *Æsculapius*; fashion tyrannizing in physic, not even sparing those who languish on the bed of sickness; that which at one time was considered as fatal, being at another period prescribed as an infallible remedy. Should an English or French physician publish a work in which they advance some new paradox, our young German doctors immediately try its efficacy on the unfortunate victims who shudder under the calamities incident to the human frame. The faculty loudly condemn the medicine extolled in market-places by mountebanks, such as the powders d'ailhaud, and others, because they cannot analyze them; yet every member of the fraternity purchases

them secretly to administer to their patients. In a word, every thing tended to convince me, that sobriety and moderation, in both moral and physical cases, are the only universal remedies. To give nature into the hands of a physician is advancing by hasty steps towards the tomb. I, however, except some small number of cases, where salutary medicines may assist Nature, and support her in her exertions for relief.

The following discourse which I had one day with my philosophical apothecary, on the subject, may furnish an idea of the instructions he bestowed on me.

I had expressed my surprize at the ease with which he had so long duped a number of men of understanding. This was his answer. "Without entering into the rea-

son

son or wife precaution why we order every person what we think will give them pleasure, or into those scarce secrets with which we silence the credulous, or into the means we take to be informed of all that passes by our spies, which give us the reputation of OMNI-science, or into the cruel persecutions which we cause those to experience who dare speak or write against us, in order to deter others from doing the like—or into measures we adopt to attract to our party the powerful, though weak minded—or the skill with which we assume every appearance, reprobating above all others any brethren whose tricks are discovered—or of the different parties that are formed of us in every place—or of the invectives and abuse bestowed on us by our partizans, when they wish to discover the intentions of our enemies—or without entering into

the divisions which we ferment throughout the world, in order to gain our purposes—or the skill with which we turn certain proverbs and maxims in vogue among the multitude to our advantage—all these subjects I shall therefore pass in silence, only assuring you, that so much art is not necessary to persuade the world to act according to their own dictates. Two things are of the utmost importance to mortals, religion and reason, which when they meet (whatever may be affirmed to the contrary) must cause them to gain infinitely on the score of happiness. Viewing with the eye of reason (the most faithful guide and most precious gift of the Creator) the large field of action spread before them, enjoying life with temperance, reflecting on the duties incumbent on them to the Most High, their brethren, and themselves; profiting of the salutary
advice

advice of the gospel, each worthily filling the place assigned him in this immense chain of creatures; content in conscious probity, he would need no protection, but be free and happy, thus preparing for the future, by ennobling here his mortal being. Those who endeavoured to render themselves rich, powerful, or celebrated, would find they mistook their real interest, and that, restraining their desires, and keeping them within the bounds of reason, would be more profitable than when, bewildered with passion, they perpetually endeavour to realize false and flattering chimeras. Yet as the world is divided into two parties, the one who oppresses, the other who suffers, it is certainly prudent to rank with the first, for which purpose we must study the proper means to act on the chief resorts of humanity, reason, and religion, in such a manner

manner that the liberty and knowledge of mankind may be entirely at our direction. This point gained, they have no will but ours ; we share their wealth, and dispose them to act according to our wishes. The first step towards obtaining this height, is to prevent, as much as possible, the progress of improvement and knowledge, in order that the vulgar may remain ignorant of the means of attaining liberty and independence, a secret which appertains to the sage alone. The most certain method then to effect our purpose is to envelope weak minds in the dark clouds of superstition, and exalt their imagination by filling it with illusive dreams ; by these means we put it out of their power to examine with proper accuracy into the truth. Once brought to this, it is easy to acquire by skilful deceit (what every deranged mind,

or self-exalted one, easily believes) the reputation of being the sole possessor of certain secrets, which at once clears all doubts raised by ourselves. This reputation gives us so extraordinary an ascendance, that it is then easy to persuade these weak mortals, that we hold intelligence with superior beings, an idea that at once makes us directors of the religion of the vulgar, which when once obtained, we can stretch their consciences to our liking, and attach the world to us by the mildest means. The sage alone is content with moderation and probity, and enjoys even in this world the blessings of peace and liberty. But as we do not wish men to be free, it is necessary, after preventing the increase of knowledge, to equally overturn morals, finding even in religion the means of deadening the acuteness of conscience, and destroying the innate

nate principles of probity and virtue, raising pretences, by the aid of which (under our protection) they may satisfy their passions uncontrouled. Where then is the man that will not fly to our arms, and who more willingly than the mighty leaders of the earth? Become masters of their minds and hearts, we keep them in leading-strings, conducting them like infants, where ever our interest demands; then who can resist us? The custom however is not new, but as old as the world, and has constantly been observed, more or less, by sovereigns, priests, legislators, and philosophers."

It is doubtless easy to tax this system with most infernal malice and wickedness, when we are attached to it by no particular interest; but the case is different when we hope to gain by it. However I was not sufficiently

ciently corrupted to listen to such diabolical maxims, without shuddering with horror. What fatal blindness! with such an understanding and judgment to study to be a villain. But I was lulled to sleep, chained by liberalities, promises, and flatteries; in a word, I gave myself up to the councils of my director.

CHAP. IX.

The World in general understands little of Philosophers and Prophets.

SIX months had elapsed since I received these excellent instructions; the Chevalier de Ventaulair had departed to recruit his venerable sect, my apothecary previously expressing the most lively acknowledgments for the precious gift he had made him in my person; for, in short, we had but one heart and one soul; our theory was good, and our practice crowned with the greatest success. My memory was enriched with the rare treasure of the tergi-
 versation of my chief; I spoke whole hours together, with the most astonishing fervor, on things which I neither felt nor under-
 stood;

stood; but my discourse was so well arranged, that my auditors could not easily discover the blanks and numberless contradictions that ran through the whole system; nor could they even follow my flights; for soaring on the wings of imagination, I gave a free scope to my fanatical ideas, delivering them with an eloquence that at once was both brilliant and gloomy.

I was soon to exercise this dangerous art on my own account; an epidemical fever had ravaged Ratifbon; the excellence of our remedies had indeed cured many of the sick, delivering them at the same time from all the evils of this mortal life. This destructive scourge did not spare my friend the apothecary; vain were our endeavours; and though we tried no less than seven universal medicines, pitiless death, who determined

mined to discredit them, carried off the brave chymist, after thirteen days suffering, in violent convulsions. His heart appeared overwhelmed with some heavy sorrow, which he wished to unburthen to me; but, alas! his tongue could no longer articulate, and he died without satisfying my curiosity, leaving the whole family in the utmost grief.

M. Noldmann (I ought long before this to have informed the reader of the name of this prophet) left no children, but a widow about forty; she had never interfered with the holy vocation of her spouse, farther than what respected the housekeeping, which she augmented according to his success, for she was a friend to good living, ease, and the comforts of life; an enemy to expensive dress, of irreproachable manners,

ners, a nearer neighbour to ugliness than beauty; some yellow stains on her face, and small emerald eyes, did not however greatly disfigure her. The poor woman was embarrassed how to direct the pharmacy; but as she honoured me with a particular confidence as first clerk, she determined to continue the business under my direction. This arrangement, which formed a greater degree of intimacy between us, brought on, I know not how, some distant proposals of marriage, which not appearing very disagreeable, were soon changed into a formal declaration, and we privately plighted our faith, determined however to wait till decency admitted our being legally joined in the holy bands of matrimony.

Unhappily, there was at Ratisbon, a society of men of understanding, friends of humanity,

humanity, whose occupation was the study of Nature, without seeking into ridiculous and obscure systems; they took particular pains to unmask imposture, to stop the rapid progress of jugglers, and to discover, under the protection of the chiefs of the republic, the most certain, though simple means of propagating knowledge. This society had for a considerable time watched with a cautious eye the conduct of our false philosophy, only waiting a favourable moment to destroy the exercise of this destructive art. During the life of the apothecary, this was impossible, as the party he had formed, both among the great and small, were too powerful for them to succeed; their writings, which were meant to unmask our tricks to the public, served only to draw persecutions on the authors. Thus the sages who really laboured for the

good

good of their fellow-creatures, were stigmatized with the name of calumniators.

But the time came when they were to act with more success; and, unhappily, the sorrow and ignominy to fall on me. Faithful to the method of Noldmann, I continued to cure the sick; and the pupil who does not improve upon his master, is surely a dull disciple. Fame already began to publish my exploits, when a cure which I unfortunately undertook, of a labourer troubled with a dysentery, from which he might have been easily relieved, had he fallen into the hands of a different alchymist, tarnished my reputation, and was the signal of attack for my enemies. They proclaimed aloud, that I had killed the man, and that it was necessary to awaken the attention of the magistracy, nay, even of the diet of the empire,

empire, against a band of poison-venders and sharpers (those were the names by which they distinguished us) "who have too long," said they, with impunity played on the credulity of mankind; it is time to put a stop to such dangerous and destructive quackery."

In concert with my dear and friendly brethren, I exhausted every resource used by the jesuits, to disperse the storm which hung over our heads, but all efforts were vain. Happily I was informed in time, that our persons were to be seized and papers examined; not willing to wait that catastrophe, I hastily secured my money, which amounted to about five hundred crowns, also the best of my cloaths, and content to escape with my treasure, withdrew myself privately from the city, often
looking

looking behind me, being afraid of pursuit. Thus forced at once to abandon my love, my honor, pharmacy, philosophy, and business.

Escaped thus from public disgrace, I went post to Strasburg, where I hoped to meet with my old master, the Chevalier de Ventaulair, who would have sympathized in my misfortune. I failed in my expectation; for after fruitlessly seeking the chevalier for eight days, I was necessitated to change my plan, therefore determined to go to Paris. The evening preceding my departure, having passed the day in visiting the curiosities of Strasburg, I repaired to the French comedy, to recreate and enliven my spirits.

The first act of a tragedy, replete with fine sentiments, had just closed; and I could

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already

already figure to myself what must naturally follow, when a man of my own age (I was thirty-one) forced his way through the crowd of spectators, and embraced me with the most lively expressions of pleasure. At first I was alarmed, but what was my surprise and joy, when I recognized the friend of my youth, Louis de Reyerberg.

The play was no longer interesting to us; we therefore left it immediately, and went to the hotel where Louis lodged. So great was my impatience, that I could hardly wait until we were alone, to be informed of his adventures, since he had quit-
ted Brunswick with the Englishman. He satisfied my curiosity in these words—

“The intention of Sutherland, as you well knew, my dear Claus, was first to travel

vel through through Germany, in order to
 be witness of the melancholy grandeur of
 its little sovereigns; from thence to repair
 to Spa, and after passing the season there,
 to proceed to Holland, France, and Italy.
 The first part of this plan was executed;
 but as I was fearful of meeting in our tra-
 vels with my brother David, or other ac-
 quaintance, I thought proper to change
 my name to that of Falkenthal, well assured
 that my person would no longer be recog-
 nizable. Excuse me, my friend, from en-
 tering into a description of the courts which
 we visited; let this suffice, that to see one
 is to know all, let them be great or little;
 an economical and intellectual diet, co-
 vered with a mask of paltry grandeur; en-
 vy, wickedness, ignorance, weariness, flat-
 tery, cabals, sloth, corruption of manners,
 frivolity, insignificance, maladies of the
 I 2 mind

mind and body, conceited opinions of every kind under the specious appearance of knowledge, and the most revolting despotism; in a word, all that can tend to undervalue mankind are the characteristics of the courts of Germany. There are, notwithstanding, some exceptions. Tired of these brilliant follies, and the season for Spa approaching, we hastened our departure. What made me particularly desirous of quitting the little sovereigns of my country was, that I saw my brother at ****, You cannot conceive what impression this unforeseen meeting had on me, My person was perfectly unknown to him, a circumstance that gave me ample opportunity to contemplate him in his full splendor, as counsellor and chamberlain. His unhappy propensity to flattery, dissimulation, or the lowest and most servile means to gain his ends,

ends, had become more and more developed. Prudent in his connections and discourse, ever ready to idolize the great or their creatures, exact in the duties of his calling, strictly observing the appearance of devotion, constantly frequenting the churches, and at home his tables covered with bibles, prayer, and psalm-books, so that he might be said to breathe the very air of holiness. Yet notwithstanding the utmost enquiries I made, I could not discover the smallest trait of generosity in his whole conduct, nor find a single person who was truly his friend or enemy. I should willingly have made myself known, but his disposition restrained me. By chance I heard of the death of my father, nor could I refrain dropping a tear of filial tenderness to his memory; my brother was yet in mourning; indeed it was himself that informed

me of it, adding, "We are all in the hands of Providence: my father was a wise and pious man; he left me no wealth, but, thanks be to Heaven, he gave me a good and Christian education; I am his only son, and find myself necessitated to raise the edifice of my own fortune, by the assistance of the small talents and knowledge I possess, and which the world pay greater deference to than I either expect or merit."—The deceiver!—But let us think no more of him; I was glad to quit a place where I breathed the same air. We arrived at Spa the beginning of the month of June.

A prodigious number of strangers from all nations were assembled there, though the business of the greater part did not appear to be the re-establishment of their health. A continual round of pleasures

and

and drinking lasted day and night; all passions were excited; wine, play, and women, perpetually replacing each other. There were a great many English, and so many German Princes, that they excited my pity. These last affected the manners of the great at Paris and London; naturally it sat very ill on them, but as they did not feel it, they continued the same course, serving for laughing-stocks to all the opulent and witty strangers, quitting Spa at the month's end, having exhausted their treasures, and contracted debts. At this place they play high; Sutherland was particularly careful to avoid joining them; but one day being in company, a Frenchman, called M. de Saintouche, proposed a party at quinze; my friend accepted it. At this time I kept my apartment, from a slight indisposition. Sutherland disliked the Frenchman from

the very beginning of the play, and this game easily ferments disputes. Saintouche blustered, and swore vehemently, on account of Sutherland's gaining several times by the boldness of his play, repeatedly staking eleven against thirteen. My friend grew warm from his insolence; and the quarrel rose so high, that they challenged each other; nay, so great was their animosity, that they swore not to desist till one was deprived of life. They took the precautions necessary for the security of the survivor. Sutherland gave me his purse, bills of exchange, and papers, entreating me to be his second, in case of his fall to keep the property for my own use, and to repair to England to his brother, who would be my friend. The next morning we hastened to the place appointed; the Englishman was furious, the Frenchman

cool

cool and malicious ; he was accompanied by an Italian adventurer. The pistols were charged ; the opponents engaged ; they missed each other in two fires, one of the balls of my friend's pistol only slightly grazing the left arm of his antagonist. They then drew their swords ; Saintouch fenced remarkably well, but with all those swaggering airs used by the French, making grimaces as if he was convulsed, and screaming as though he was possessed. Sutherland, on the contrary, made his passes at random, passion not permitting him to discover where his enemy laid himself open ; thus he rushed on the point of his antagonist, which pierced his heart, and he died on the spot. I was obliged to hasten my flight, and bear this fatal news to England. I departed, overwhelmed with grief ; the image of my dying friend, who

possessed so many great and estimable qualities, who had protected me when I was poor, abandoned, and almost bewildered in the paths of vice—this cruel image was engraven on my heart, and ever present to my imagination.

“ Arrived in England, I found the brother of my benefactor at his country-seat; he was a haughty man, cool in his manner, and listened to the melancholy news I related with the utmost indifference; or if he was affected, it was rather with anger than grief; he even appeared to restrain himself with difficulty from reproaching me for not having prevented the combat. Notwithstanding this, he desired me to stay some time with him, during which he appeared better pleased with me, and his good opinion daily to increase; in short, he asked me

me to remain with him as a companion; but his pride displeased me, and finding I could not have for him a durable friendship, I declined his offer; beside I soon after learned, that, contrary to the custom of his country, he was excessively jealous of his wife, so that at some future opportunity I might have experienced disagreeable behaviour on that subject. These reasons determined me to return to Germany; I therefore took leave of my host, who appeared sorry for my departure; but fearful of discovering his emotion, his adieus were restrained within the bounds of politeness. Obligated to accept the presents which he forced on me, I embarked for Calais, and after crossing a part of France, reached this place. Now, my friend, it remains with you to satisfy the earnest desire I have to be informed of the various events which

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have happened to you, since our long separation."

I related to him in a few words what I have already informed the reader, and we passed the remainder of the evening in the pleasures of friendship and joy, on account of our meeting.

CHAP. X.

Peter and his friend Louis seek Situations in the Civil or Military Line, but are necessitated to try their Fortunes in another Channel.

BEHOLD me then re-united to the friend of my youth, with whom, after passing some days at Strasburg, during which we had perpetually little anecdotes recurring to our memory to relate to each other, we began to think seriously of some settlement. It was necessary to concert a plan, and to examine the state our funds; equally disposed to share them, we made but one common purse of our riches, which amounted to (exclusive of our rings, snuff-boxes, and other valuables) a capital of six thousand

thousand livres in specie; a sum which we determined to use in travelling, at the same time endeavouring to seek opportunities to place ourselves to advantage. We cloathed ourselves in a kind of regimental, and hired a servant, in the hope of selling our service to some German prince, under the appearance of men of fortune, whom it might be his interest to oblige. We both possessed the advantage of good persons (without wishing to boast that weak prerogative.) Knowing the manners of the great, and perfectly understanding the behaviour of strangers, who are so much caressed in Germany, we doubted not of success, or of obtaining from some court a company in the guards, or other important trust.

On the day fixed for our departure, we quitted Strasburg, and began our travels,
with

with all the economy possible for people of quality, presenting ourselves to the neighbouring princes, under the names of the Count de Clausfield and M. de Falkenthal. Louis taught me English during our journey, and by his attention obliged me to make a greater progress in that language in a short time than I should have done with any professor.

Our expectations, however, were not so quickly fulfilled as we had supposed. Whether it was to want of understanding in the princes, who knew not how sufficiently to appreciate our merits, or to the little trouble we took to obtain their favour while our purse was well supplied, that we must attribute our ill success, I cannot determine. We crossed the principalities of Baden, Darmstadt, Palatinate, Wetteravia, and
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the Abbey of Fulda, reaching Saxony without any fruit from our travels, but seeing our money daily diminish. Arrived at Leipzig, we had but a hundred ducats remaining. Unhappily, it was near the opening of the fair, a circumstance that must necessarily encrease our expences. Among the persons we became acquainted with was a self-created colonel, who boasted being well received at several courts, but who, in reality, waited some lucky turn of fortune as well as ourselves. We informed him that we were men of family, seeking employ; he promised to interest himself for us, but one week elapsed after another without our advancement, our purse likewise was nearly empty. To compleat all, I fell sick of a fever, which confined me to my bed for three weeks, and entirely exhausted our small remains of money. My generous friend

friend did not quit me a moment, attending me with the utmost tenderness, and even selling some of his valuables to supply the present exigence. What gave me particular pain was, to see that he not only deprived himself of the little he had remaining, but also neglected seeking means to better his situation.

At length my health was so far re-established, as to enable me to walk about my apartment. We again began to form projects; in our present circumstances, it was necessary we should give up the idea of becoming officers, neither could we have lived on the moderate appointment of lieutenants. Louis, during this interval, had formed an acquaintance with some of the five hundred booksellers that frequent the fair of Leipzig, and had obtained the reputation

tation of talents, knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with different languages. A printer at Manheim, a man of the utmost respectability conceived a friendship for him, and made him an offer, after he was informed of his situation, that if he would accompany him, he would find him employment in translations and other works of the same kind. Reyerberg, unwilling to leave me, would have declined this situation to share my poverty; but I insisted on his accepting it with so much earnestness, that at length he consented, declaring his utmost endeavours should be exerted to procure me some employment at Manheim, in order that we might again have the comfort of each other's company.

The small remains of the money obtained from the sale of our valuables, he insisted

on

on leaving with me; I economised it as much as possible, and in a few days was able to go abroad.

The idea of trying my fortune in so fertile a field as that of German literature (however laborious it might be) pleased me; and not despairing to find even at Leipzig some charitable bookseller that would employ me, I presented myself to several of those gentlemen, and had the happiness to meet with one who wanted a corrector. Our agreement was soon settled, and though the produce of this new business was not considerable, it was sufficient to defray the expences of a garret, frugal meals, and simple cloathing. By degrees my patron intrusted me with more lucrative business, such as writing prefaces, furnishing ideas for vignettes, making useless corrections

rections in books that were to be altered or reprinted, in order that they might be produced with the pompous title of—*A new EDITION, revised and corrected.* His protection likewise procured me the honor of attaining the rank of reviewer and co-author of a very indifferent journal. The booksellers sent me all the new works as soon as published, usually adding a crown and presenting me a copy, prescribing what I should praise, condemn, or leave doubtful. Sometimes they desired me to speak of them in a manner that the book might be defended, as controversy ever encreases the sale. This occupation, as it obliged me to perpetual reading, procured me a thorough knowledge in modern literature. Were any manuscripts offered to my patron, I judged whether they were proper for publishing, not forming my opinion
from

from the intrinsic merit of the work, but from the value fashion might stamp on it.

Serious works, useful to the world, stamped with the seal of genius and study, composed with labour and care, the result of deep researches, of wearisome and expensive travels, and intense application, were all ill paid, or returned with the answer, that those articles had no sale. On the contrary, little novels, like *The History of Peter Claus*, or, *the Blunders of Jeremy*, *Treatise on the End of Free-Masonry*, *Explanations of old or new Mysteries*, *Collection of the Bon-Mots in Ana*, *The Almanack of the Muses*, and other similar productions, were all well received, well paid, and the sheets sent to the press as fast as they could be obtained from the authors. Frequently there were no copies of the first volume remaining,

ing, before the plan of the second was formed: indeed, they were often composed without plan, and the first sheet drawn before the poet or novelist had devised how to fill the second. Did we expect a work to be successful, it was carefully concealed from the author, the bookseller shaking his head, complaining of the advanced price of paper, the enormous expence of printing, the abundance of good works in the same line. In a word, we rendered the first talents tributary to our presses. The labour of the favourites of the muses enriched us, while themselves were often reduced to misery, gaining hardly sufficient to support life by their utmost exertions and application. If at length they discovered the tricks and injustice of the booksellers, they had no resource, but were necessitated to compose little trifling works, that they might

might not perish with hunger, notwithstanding they had superior talents, worthy of being better employed. Thus we crushed the greatest geniuses, stopped the progress of useful knowledge, discouraged the finest talents, recompensing none but miserable scribblers, who satisfied our interested views by productions worthy of being buried in oblivion. If, to shake off this tyranny, an author determined to publish a book at his own expence, all the booksellers, friends and enemies, joined against him, crushing the sale as much as possible, even though he should have offered them fifty per cent. interest. Added to this, as my patron was one of the head of the trade, all the little booksellers were therefore obliged to pay us homage; it was in vain that they attempted to publish the best works; if we did not favour them with
our

our venal protection, they might remain unknown to the end of ages, unless, contrary to all expectation, they made so much noise, that we thought them worthy of being reduced into a smaller edition, in order to sell them at a lower price than the real editors.

Reyerberg frequently wrote to me; his situation was similar to mine; and we often by letter expressed to each other the sorrow we experienced in not living nearer; nay, this re-union appeared more difficult than ever; for envy, so natural to mankind, so common in the republic of letters, would perhaps very soon have separated us, had we acted on the same theatre.

CHAP. XI.

Peter turns Author.

THE ambition of man is not to be restrained. After having been for some time corrector, this subaltern business displeased me. I had so high an opinion of my talents, and thought I so well knew the taste of the public, that nothing could restrain me from becoming an author, transporting myself in idea to the summit of Parnassus; I already felt Fame binding my brow with a crown of laurel, and counted the immense sums I should gain from my literary labours. Full of such flattering hopes, I determined to begin immediately; the *nonum prematur in annum* being entirely out of fashion, there was only

an interval of four weeks between my resolution of becoming author, and the publication of the first child of my genius. This sublime work was a tragedy in seven acts, in the Anglo-German taste, and greatly surpassed, in my opinion, every piece of the kind. It was replete with action, the most cruel action; a bewildered intrigue, and several scenes so terrible, that they made me tremble. The horror I sustained in copying this master-piece, made even my hairs stand on end. This tragedy comprized a space of ninety-five years. The scene in the first act lay in Quodlinburg; in the second I transported the spectators to London; and at the conclusion, all the actors in the piece died on the coast of Greenland. In it there were characters not to be met with in the calendars of any history whatever. My hero could hardly

hardly speak before he was a compleat fiend, the first words he articulated being blasphemies. In the sixth year of his life, he found out the means of poisoning his mother by pounded glass. Men of all situations spoke together, each after their own manner. Were they countrymen, they did not quit the scene without coming to blows, or at least without great abuse and insult. No prince was represented but as a voluptuous tyrant; in short, what is met with but rarely in the world, was represented here as common; and though the time of action was as far back as the reign of James the First of England, there were many ingenious thoughts in it, play on words, and striking poetical figures, as "*the remembrance of a breath of wind*," or "*the shadow of a spider's web*," with several other ideas equally beautiful. The Devil

appeared in the third act with seventy-two of his companions and courtiers, tearing a priest piecemeal on the stage. The ghost of the ecclesiastic returned in the fourth act; a sight that caused the whole pit to gnash their teeth. This priest, in the second act, had violated a young innocent girl on the stage. I composed a piece of music myself for this particular occasion. In the whole of my tragedy there perished twenty-seven persons, some dying of hunger, others breaking their necks, some torn to pieces, one particularly remained a whole half hour on the stage, wrestling with death; the latter had also in the first act shewn himself a most consummate villain; for he had publicly, in the sight of the spectators, devoured his father, mother, and grandfather. It took up five hours at least to represent this piece in its full splendor, such

as naval combats and sacked villages, the most complicated mechanism being necessary in the execution. It is true that the *dramatis personæ* were mostly wretches, yet I had taken care to give the greatest villain a brilliancy of character, although he outraged his Maker, nature, and the laws. The young and unexperienced might easily have been tempted to take him as a model, for the virtuous were all unsuccessful, and overwhelmed with sorrow. This is truly nature; but things of this kind lose in the relation; it must have been seen to form a proper estimate, the effect in the representation being terrible. This great work compleated, I ran to a bookseller: my name was too well known, and my reputation too much established, for it not to obtain a good price. I received eight louis, and soon after it was represented on a great

national theatre. The envy of some obscure scribblers caballed, however, in such a manner, that my second act was hissed at the second representation. Some weak and malicious minds understood so little of the sublime, as to declare that my dramatic production was a parody composed by the barbarous imitators of the English taste; but the young people, ardent, noble-minded, and full of energy, estimated it at its true worth, encouraging me to continue, and also to enter the lists in other parts of literature, having obtained so many laurels in the service of Melpomene.

My port-folio was full of little elegant productions of amorous and tender poetry; the subjects—*A Flower newly blown, The chaste Diana, A Silver Stream*, and other ingenious trifles, which fill the soul with the

the softest ideas, beguiling young sentimental beauties of their tears, though they had no effect on myself in composing them. I thought of a measure to my liking, and did the length of a metre incommode me, I used half a dozen short syllables to form the foot. No one dared regard this licence as contrary to the rules of poetry. A knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors, and the taste and rules of harmony, diminish daily; it was therefore only supposed that I had borrowed a new method of rhyming from some old poet. No person could take the liberty to say that my verses equally shocked the ear as the understanding, particularly as they were set to music.

Mythology at length appeared to me a proper field for my talents; and though I lived very indifferently in my garret (for a

little does not suffice at Leipzig) I wrote as faithful and poetic a description of the feasts of the Gods as though I had been their common visitor; boasting the flavour of nectar and ambrosia, as if they were my usual food; praising the entertainments of the immortals so highly, that even the weak sons of frail humanity longed to share them.

Soon after I published an old manuscript, which in the preface I informed the reader was a scarce specimen of ancient poetry. Notwithstanding, it was nothing more than some old verses found at a farmer's in the country, his grandfather, who was a school-master, having composed them on leaving college; since which time they had served to amuse the uninformed rustics of the village.

I then

I then tried idyls, making shepherds talk in a manner they never spoke before; drew an enchanting picture of the ideal world, disgusting men with the present, and rendering them useless citizens. This work was not successful, for it hardly appeared before it underwent the fate of *The Correspondence between Gleim and Jacobi*; and notwithstanding the humiliating custom of lowering the price, it found no purchasers.

Obliged to throw myself into another channel, I wrote satires on the most common vices, as the corruption of manners and the decrease of taste, which I might truly judge of by the little effect of my writings. All the witty productions, except my own, appeared cold and languid. I wrote a treatise on *the frigidity of the soul, and the intellectual maladies that proceed*

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therefrom.

therefrom, but no one purchased it. I then declared war against the German princes, but as they do not pretend to know their native language, they never read my work, so that I failed in my intention, that of correcting them.

This last ineffectual attempt rather weakened my credit; and I had some trouble to find an editor; notwithstanding, my mind, fertile in resources devised something on free-masonry. It will doubtless be wondered, why, in the recital of my adventures, I omitted mentioning my being received into that order. It is not from failure of memory, but I must have advanced a falsehood to announce myself a free-mason, since I never had the honour of being admitted into any lodge: but when one has been at so good a school as
that

that of M. de Noldmann, at Ratisbon, it is not difficult to speak of the order. The greater part of the works that treat on that subject are written by men who, with as much truth, might pretend to give a faithful description of the court of the Emperor of Morocco; nor can I ever refrain laughter, when I see people weak enough to peruse books that treat on free-masonry. The possessor of the secret dares not divulge it, or if he pretends to do so; it is but an invented fable to turn the public attention from the real object, and bewilder it in mystery. Those who are uninformed cannot disclose it; want of money alone engages them to pretend it. This last motive obliged me to write on the subject.

My treatise on free-masonry was very extensive; the singularity of the title ex-

cited attention, as well as the prodigious number of plates that illustrated it : I explained the history, the purpose, and signification of the hieroglyphics of the order, proving that the true superiors of that body lived in the east, particularly naming one whom I feigned to hold correspondence with : his brethren named him *Abracadremis* ; but his true name (according to my account) was only to be divulged after his death. I traced the origin of the society as far back as his Majesty, King Nimrod, of glorious memory, producing a grant given by that monarch to the Babylonian lodge. As to the purpose of the order, I contented myself with discovering—what it is not, leaving the reader to purchase fresh information, after he had perused the mystic jumble I had entertained him with. All other known sects of the free-masons were slandered;

flandered ; I had even the effrontery to sustain, that a man who had recently wrote on the same subject had never been initiated into the order. Finally, shewing the connection between the ancient and new mysteries, proving by my plates, that long before the Christian æra triangles had three corners, and that the philosophical schools of the heathens used hieroglyphics similar to those of the brethren, from thence concluding, not that the free-masons had borrowed their figures, but, on the contrary, that the philosophers were free-masons. In a word, it was a very valuable work, enriched with much useful knowledge ; for the supplement contained a receipt, which the sages of antiquity have vainly attempted to discover, to make gold by the means of some drops of human blood, crusts of bread, and bunches of grapes.

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This book procured me a tolerable sum; the public bought it up hastily; and it was no sooner spread than free masons came from all parts to demand a more clear and precise explanation of several subjects which I had touched but lightly; I took care not to explain mysteries to them, which I did not comprehend myself. Notwithstanding, I might have made it answer my purpose, by becoming the founder of a new sect; but I feared that my unhappy adventure in pharmacy should be discovered, therefore thought it most prudent to renounce the glory I might otherwise have obtained.

On this success a bookseller of Halle desired me to write something which might merit being condemned. The history of the king and prophet David, arranged for the theatre, appeared to me proper for the purpose.

purpose. Unhappily, it failed, producing no controversy. I then wrote doubts of the veracity of the Evangelists. This book occasioned a violent dispute between two clergymen, one reproaching the other that the heterodoxy of his doctrine had given rise to those doubts (though Heaven knows I had never encreased the number of his auditors.) While these charitable apostles were abusing and injuring each other's character publicly, my pamphlet, which was the bone of contention, obtained a rapid sale.

Some time after this I undertook a work on the reform of monastic abuses; endeavouring to prove, that they should begin by suppressing the noble chapters. "A poor monk," said I, "lives quietly, without expence to any one; his wants few,
and

and easily supplied; while the canon, plunged in voluptuousness, annually expends sufficient to support a whole convent. If the great number of monks are objected to as useless to the state, I reply, reform the legions of lawyers, counsellors, courtiers, and officers, keep only those that are truly good, how many think you will remain? I confess great abuses have crept into monastic foundations, but on that account must we entirely destroy them? What institution more happy than those pious retreats? They present to the man who has faithfully consecrated his spring and summer to his country, a safe asylum, where he may repose from his labours, give himself up to study, collecting the fruits of his experience and knowledge; communicating them to the world, in order to form youth; while himself passes his remaining days

days in calm contentment, and dies the same, leaving to the survivors council and example."

This interesting subject, and particularly the conscientious use that might be made of the wealth of the newly suppressed convents, furnished me with some excellent reflections. Nay, I was tempted to think this the best of my works; however, Heaven knows why, it met with very little success.

Another essay of the same kind was not more fortunate. A prince of a neighbouring state had offered a reward for the best answer to this question—"What are the most effectual means to stop the progress of mendicity?" I immediately replied to it. "Mendicity," said I, "is the offspring of idleness

Idleness and luxury ; therefore, to suppress the first, we must conquer the two last. To prove this, we need but observe, that the vices of the court spread round the country ; the prince himself should give the example of activity and temperance, and though surrounded by weak heads, and trifling amusements, should shake off the languor of sloth, nor consume at one expensive meal what would support a family, acting in such a manner that the industrious man should find bread and liberty in his territories. If by his own example he covered idleness with disdain, industry and labour would be honoured by every class of his subjects. The sluggards of other cities would no longer swarm in his precincts ; prisons and houses of correction would deter the idle vagabond and beggar ; and the general disdain attached to idleness,

Idleness

ever

ever shaking sloth from the great, would free the state from the cruel necessity of supporting them."

I shall doubtless gain belief, when I inform the reader, that my essay did not gain the prize ; and what was yet worse, my reputation as an author decreased daily. The booksellers whose shops I visited, immediately cast their eyes on my pockets, expecting to see the end of some fifty sheets of manuscript peeping out, smiling at me with an air of pity ; and if I presented a work, advising me to call on one of their brethren, as themselves had so many new publications, that at present they could not undertake more. I soon found that my literary reign at Leipzig was nearly over ; notwithstanding, to make some use of my talents, I composed several paltry little novels,

vels, which a young student did me the favour to dispose of as his; indifferent as they were, they brought me six francs a sheet, and as I at least wrote a sheet and a half a day, I found myself tolerably well off, taking care to disguise my stile. I must confess, that I have been often amazed how any person could purchase such a jumble of absurdities.

To give a sketch of these compositions, I shall here transcribe the beginning of a novel, in four volumes, entitled, *Anna Maria, or, the Sentimental History of an Enlightened Passion.*

“An unmarried gentleman, of distinguished merit, was walking one day in a very agreeable garden, with a lady of distinction, of elegant person, and gentle manners.

manners. The mild Aurora, as the heathen poets have improperly expressed it, had already returned to the nuptial couch of her aged spouse; the hedges between which this charming couple walked were cut in the most beautiful forms, evening reflecting in silver shadows their angelic figures on the earth, when the gentleman thus addressed the lady—"My lovely, and ever gracious Madam, the sentiments which I have long experienced cannot be unknown to you, nor need I inform you that the brilliancy of your eyes has consumed my very heart."—The gentleman would have continued his amorous address, when suddenly a fearful and dissonant noise was heard in the neighbouring green-house.—Both were dreadfully alarmed; but what was their surprize, when they discovered a young officer, of elegant appearance, rush
from

from the house, sword in hand."—I fancy this specimen is sufficient.—Notwithstanding, the public bought up these miserable productions as eagerly as they do *Emilia Sommers*, *Charles de Hellberg*, *Louis Freudenthal*, and other master-pieces of the same kind; so that I must confess they answered my purpose tolerably well. But as the most prolific genius may in time be exhausted, I at length found it impossible to write any thing new. This sterility gave rise to the desperate idea of publishing a collection of my works, though I could not flatter myself with making an agreement of that kind with any bookseller at Leipzig. My fund was considerably augmented by my late *sagacious* productions, I therefore formed the resolution of going to *Hamburgh*, in order to find a more accommodating editor.

Adieu,

" Adieu, ungrateful city ! Uneasy abode of the muses ! Step-mother of poets ! On the banks of the Elbe there are, notwithstanding, men who properly value talents and merit. I haste to quit thee, fatal Leipzig !" — Then I bid adieu to the city, and quitted it immediately.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

*Peter's Adventures on the Road to Hamburg—
Meets some old Acquaintances.*

EXPERIENCE had taught me to economize, even when I was in no danger of indigence; I therefore modestly took a place in the public vehicle. The journey was very agreeable; I contemplated different characters; and frequently stopped whole days in towns where I met with any thing I thought worthy notice. Remaining at Gotha for the same purpose, I dined one day at a small hotel in the fauxbourg; a man entered who scraped on the violin, accompanied by an old woman who twanged on the guitar, together forming a most melancholy concert. The musician mimicked

micked the hunting horn with his voice, to add additional grace to his *ritornellos*; nay, perhaps, he imitated it more naturally than the Chevalier d'Esser. These people viewed me with the utmost attention, nor could I refrain doing the same; it appeared as if both parties were trying to recollect each other; I was certain I knew them, though I could not at once recollect where; but when I did so, I was very careful not to make them sharers in the discovery. The couple whom I saw was—whom think you?—but the barber Haber and the adorable Mademoiselle Julia Nagelborn, once my charmer. These old friends were not much altered, except that their faces were red and pimpled, bearing all the external marks of drink; doubtless they supplied the want of good living by spirits, the common resource of the vulgar. A father

of the church has, I believe, said, *Cantores amant humores*; a most certain truth. As for myself, an absence of twenty years had rendered me unknown; and I no sooner recollected their persons, than I ceased to notice them, by which means I diverted their attention from me. Julia had forgot her old fellow-servant; the barber, the companion of his pleasures; and I felt no temptation to recal the circumstance to their memories. Curious to know how they came into their present state, I engaged one of the company to ask them a recital, adding, that the adventures of such people must be entertaining. My desire was accomplished, the barber-musician relating what follows.

“ I was surgeon in a village that appertains to a lady of fortune in the electorate
of

of Hanover, and whom my spouse attended as waiting maid. Both friends of harmony, we sometimes amused ourselves with little concerts. A young lad, a wicked dog, I assure you, accompanied us in these entertainments, for out of charity I had taught him to play on the violin. This young rogue was driven from the castle for some of his tricks, and lifted into the service of the Duke of ***, from whence he has since deserted. His loss gave some little interruption to our musical meetings; however, my present spouse had conceived such an inclination for harmonious recreations, that she entreated me to instruct her in vocal and instrumental music. I inclined willingly to her desire; but Hercules, or, as the ancients call him, the God of Love, played us a fly trick. With all due respect to the company, one is flesh and blood as

well as another. In a word, my scholar was attacked with a temporary dropfy. The case was grave and dangerous, though we are assured that *naturalia non sunt turpes*. Her mistress, I may well say, was too punctilious on some certain articles, for she had been surprized herself (I say it with all due respect to people of quality) in a situation by no means equivocal with her cousin, who is an officer in the service of the Duke of ***. My spouse had entered at a moment when she was not expected; but these are matters on which I keep close lips—*Exempel sunt odiosel*—I forgot what I was saying—Oh, I recollect—The lady took the matter rather highly, when she perceived the rotundity of my charmer, and the valets as usual were full of their jests. Her mistress, in short, ordered her to quit the house. What was to be done? My distressed

stressed Julia, it is true, had saved a considerable sum, and I wished to heal her honour. We lived together in the village, where I continued to exercise my joint professions; but Madame Lathausen never ceased pursuing us, giving out that we were drunkards, and that I did not understand surgery. Only consider, gentlemen, what a false, ungenerous report, contrived on purpose to do us injury? But we are all feeble creatures—according to the old saying, we only drink when we are dry; and as for art, *ars longus vita breva*. In short, we could keep on business no longer; for the injurious tales the lady had spread ruined our reputation, and finally obliged us to quit the village. The idea struck us to travel as musicians, and we put it immediately in practice. Madame de Lathausen, however, did not escape the deserved pu-

nishment ; God guide us, she finished miserably ; it was given out that she died of the cramp in her stomach ; but who knows what convulsions carried her off. We travel over the country, as you see ; and I can assure you, gentlemen, that we succeeded very well in the landgraviate of Hesse. The Hessians are not rich, understand nothing of music ; and though we are not quite such great virtuosos as the musicians of the Count de Wertheim, (I was born in the town of that name) yet we met with great praise. We are not so fortunate in Saxony ; I think the Saxons have finer ears—I protest I forget where I was in my story.”——“ Oh, never plague yourself to recollect it, my good M. Haber,” interrupted I, “ you play well, very well, on the violin, and you relate a tale yet better ; notwithstanding, we will excuse the rest of
your

your history till another opportunity." We collected a small sum for this musical couple, whom I was much pleased did not recollect me.

Arrived at Cassel, I lodged at the post-house in the Place-royale. The apartment next to mine was occupied by a stranger, who was a privy-councillor. The beauty of this city detained me here during eight days: on an evening when I returned to my apartment, I constantly heard my neighbour speaking aloud till midnight; and though I listened with the utmost attention, I could never hear any one answer. This circumstance appeared very extraordinary; and one day being at the public table, I asked some questions respecting the old councillor. A gentleman of the landgrave gave me this information.

“ The councillor d’Erbſchall is an excellent character in many reſpects, but has the weakneſs to wiſh to engroſs the converſation in all companies. His memory is a repository of tales and anecdotes, collected while he was in the ſervice, and the beginning of his diſcourſe ever the ſame, as thus, *At the time I was in the army in Sileſia, I had a quarter-maſter worſe than a devil, &c.* He then enters into all the actions and miſchievous tricks of the ſaid quarter-maſter, of which, if you come to a concluſion in two hours, you may think yourſelf particularly fortunate. If he goes to court (though he has only ſtopped here on a journey he is making) every one ſhuns him, ſo much do they dread his beginning his long ſtories. Obligated to be ſilent all day, he makes up for it at night, by recounting them to his ſervant—“ *Apropos, Chriſtopher,*
that

that brings to my mind an anecdote—At the time I was in the army in Silesia, &c." The most patient domestic at length becomes weary of a master who is perpetually stunning him with such tiresome recitals, so that it is wonderful if he keeps the same servant for six months. The one he has at present is deaf, so that he listens to all his tales with the greatest indifference; and though his master has repeated them every night for these two months, (which is the time he has been with him) he has never once interrupted him, a circumstance that has given the councillor particular pleasure, as he cannot bear to have his discourse broke in upon. M. de Erbschall pays no attention to the deafness of Christopher, as long as he has the pleasure of entertaining a man, or rather himself, with his long and tedious recitals."

From Cassel I went to Brunswick; the remembrance of what had formerly passed in that city excited a number of different emotions in my soul. The hotel where I had lodged recalled to my memory the mean actions which we had then been guilty of; in short, every thing retraced ideas by no means flattering; nor could I forbear questioning myself—"Art thou better now, that a more happy situation preserves thee from having recourse to such despicable tricks? I was puzzled to answer it; for we act very oppositely when pressed by want, as well as think differently, when we keep company with a society of libertines; beside, it is true, I now approached the age when we longer can so easily reconcile ourselves to the ill consequences of our actions. Had I early in life obtained a situation which brought me in a comfortable

able income, I should have been respected, and passed for an enlightened, sensible, and modest man; but I appeared born for an adventurer; and that state possesses something so attractive to youth, that we leave events to the torrent of chance, without thinking of the future. These were my serious reflections; but my former life at Brunswick, the fate of Haudritz, the adventures of Reyerberg, with those of the man in the grey coat, and my intrigue with the worthy Countess di Fondini, were all soon forgotten.

Notwithstanding Brunswick appeared the spot where I was ever to meet with the most unforeseen and extraordinary accidents; my intention was to stop there some days to view the city, public walks, coffee-houses, and places of amusement.

The evening before my departure, I met on the castle walk one of my acquaintance of Leipzig, who, as well as myself was an outcast of Parnassus. He carried an umbrella to shelter himself from the storm of rain which was falling, and which I was defended from by a long white cloak, each of us being equally surprized at the rencontre. "By what strange chance do we meet?" exclaimed we both at once. This question was followed by a mutual explanation, after which we changed the subject to our immortal writings; it still rained very hard, but when two authors have engaged in a learned discourse, in vain might all the elements unite to divert them from it; their energy would render them deaf to the hurricane. Questions followed each other as fast as they could be articulated, as, "Have you seen my last theatrical piece? Have you

you heard the last idyl that I wrote upon a particular occasion, &c. &c."

The enthusiasm that accompanied our discourse prevented my paying particular attention to a man of my own stature, and wrapped like myself in a white cloak. He walked hastily up and down, muttering as often as he approached, and found us still in the same place; though the particularity of his behaviour did not strike me till I reflected on it afterwards. My young favourite of Apollo had a large quantity of verses to shew me, and which he continued producing, one after another, from his pocket-book, reading them to me under the shelter of his umbrella by the light of a reflector, his memory supplying in several places without that assistance. The man whom I before mentioned, who doubtless wished to be

be alone on this spot, at length lost all patience, and retired. He had just quitted the place, when an elderly maid-servant came from over the bridge, and distinguishing me by my white cloak, took me for the stranger, coming directly towards me; but on the sight of my companion, stopped at a small distance, crying, "Hem, hem," accompanying this affected cough by signs, that could not be misunderstood, to follow her. My poet was now reading some sheets of a novel he had in his pocket, the subject of which was the death of a lady whose husband had treated her with the greatest cruelty. After her decease, she returned, accompanied by the ghosts of six other women, all mounted on the souls of cats, in order to scratch and tear out the eyes of her husband: the whole was very affecting, and I listened to
it

it with the utmost attention and feeling, though the rain had entirely pierced through my cloaths. The nurselings of the muses have, as is well known, a particular respect for amorous intrigues; thus my friend seeing a woman beckon me, hastily broke off his reading, though in the most interesting part, saying to me in a whisper, "I perceive you have business that cannot be put off—I therefore will not trouble you; to-morrow I shall find a time before your departure to read the remainder."—So saying, he quitted me abruptly.

Convinced that this servant took me for another, I was notwithstanding well pleased that her error had released me from the importunities of the poet; also promising myself some amusement from this adventure. I therefore carefully concealed my face in
my

my *Almaviva*, and approached the woman. "For the love of Heaven, my dear M. Losen, do not be displeased that we have made you wait you so long," said she, "for my mistress has been engaged till this very moment; my master is but just gone out, and will not return until midnight: you must be wet to the skin, but that's soon remedied, for you can put on my master's night-gown while I dry your cloaths at the fire."—I made no answer, but followed her.

We crossed several streets, and at length my conductress stopped me before a large house, and gently unlocked the door, making me a sign to follow. She led me into a small apartment on the left-hand side of the ground floor, shutting me in, after whispering in my ears, "I shall return in a moment." In effect she did so, saying,

"Here

"Here is a dressing-gown, cap, and cloak; take off your wet cloaths, my mistress will be here in an instant; I shall keep watch at the door."—"Well," said I when alone, friend Peter, this is no bad scheme; courage, undress thyself boldly, and put on the gown; what though even the fair one should expect another lover, he is not here; the husband does not return till midnight, and thou art on the spot; courage, therefore, I say, courage." Thus saying, I stripped off my cloak and cloaths, and though still in darkness, took the gown that had been given me. I had hardly put on the nocturnal raiment of the worthy spouse whose place I was to supply, when a handsome young lady, with a candle in her hand, entered the apartment; she advanced to throw herself into my arms, which I opened to receive her, when discovering my

my face, she gave a loud scream, dropped the light, running towards the door with so much precipitation, that she fell over a chair that happened to be in the way. At the same moment a still more vehement noise was heard in the anti-chamber: "You are jesting with me," said a man, "I waited above an hour in the rain on the castle-walk, but you never came." "In the name of Heaven," exclaimed the maid, "are you the Devil in person? or is your existence double? I have just introduced a gentleman who——" "What, another with her!" replied the masculine voice in a rage, "I will punish the perfidious woman." With these words he rushed hastily into the room, at the very instant the lady was rising from the ground, the servant following him, but without light, no one appearing willing to fetch any. M. Losen, doubtless,

doubtless, feared that should he attempt it, his rival might escape ; neither perhaps was it convenient or prudent for him to seek one in the house ; and as for the rest of us, we had no reason to wish the matter more enlightened. A loud dispute followed, in which each defended their conduct as well as possible, the jangle bearing a strong resemblance to the finale of a comic opera. Suddenly a fifth actor arrived, with a lantern in his hand, and who was the least welcome to us of the whole set. This gentleman, to judge by the gracious reception with which he favoured us, was nothing less than the beloved spouse of the lady, who apparently had forgot something, or perhaps suspicious, had returned to surprize her. Whatever reason it was, it is certain he was not welcome. A strange servant-maid had lighted him ; at least there was a
third

third female at the door when I made my escape; the noise in the anti-chamber had most probably given him the alarm; and snatching the lantern from his conductress, he had used it to throw a light on our contention.

I knew not how to draw myself out of so disagreeable and embarrassing an adventure. Louis de Reyerberg, in my place, in lieu of quitting the scene, would generously have undertaken the defence of the lady; but Peter Claus possessed no such perilous kindness. I had presence of mind sufficient to foresee that my dress would more particularly expose me to ill treatment, and therefore, as soon as I saw the light advancing, took the prudent precaution to conceal myself behind the bed, which stood near the door, and while the husband and lover

lover were abusing each other, both speaking at once, the women trembling and praying, I slipped suddenly from behind the bed, where I had been compleatly hid, and snatched the lantern from the hands of the furious husband, who dreaded nothing less than a goblin, and was seized with such a fit of trepidity at this unexpected attack, that he remained immoveable, leaving me time to make my escape in his night-gown. Happily, he had not shut the house door on his entrance.

I no sooner reached the street than I ran with the utmost speed to my hotel, when the waiter was not a little astonished to see me in such a ridiculous trim. Without entering into any explanation, I hastily slipped into my chamber, where I ordered a frugal meal. Abandoned to my reflections,

tions, I almost doubted whether this adventure was a dream or reality ; but be it which it would, I could not refrain from laughing heartily at the whole affair. I had happily escaped the ill treatment, which, from the imprudence of my conduct, I might have expected from both parties.

The robe de chambre was red stuff, with yellow stripes, and certainly was not of equal value with my *Almariva* and cloaths, yet they were thoroughly paid for by the mirth of the adventure.

Giving way to my good humour, I considered the affair on only the laughable side, thinking of the amazement of the rest of the actors on my escape ; a circumstance that I could not recollect without the utmost risibility.

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This was too good a subject for a novel ; however, I related the whole scene to my poet, who came to see me the next morning, plaguing me with his verses until I got into the diligence, when bidding him farewell, I immediately pursued my rout to Hamburg.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Peter's Success in publishing the Collection of his Works.

"THIS dressing-gown, however, is not much amiss," said I, contemplating the yellow stripes as I was undressing to put it on, the night of my arrival at Hamburg; "nay, it is really a good comfortable dress, and though not exactly in the last fashion, will protect me from the cold; and should I even succeed beyond my expectation in the sale of my works, I will never part with it. No, I will preserve it as a remembrance of this diverting adventure—here are also good pockets."—Then putting in my hand, what was my astonishment!—But before I relate this unforeseen

unforeseen event, I must entreat my readers to cast their thoughts a moment on the state of my finances.

The good fortune I had to dispose speedily of my works, at the commencement of my literary labours, notwithstanding their imperfections, had given me so great a dependance on them, that I seldom thought of writing a new work until my resources were nearly exhausted. I usually sketched over the first copy of a novel without knowing what would be the principal object, or what appellation I should give it; but I recollect having informed the reader, that I had lately become more cautious and prudent in pecuniary matters. My purse was tolerably well supplied when I formed the project of going to Hamburg, yet the journey considerably decreased it. Firmly

persuaded that my talents would be readily acknowledged in that town, and the collection of my works be eagerly bought up, and largely paid for, I took no pains to retrench my expences. The high opinion I had formed of the esteem due to my talents diminished, however, greatly the day after my arrival; for going into a bookseller's shop with intent, after some little conversation, to make myself known, I asked for the works of the famous poet Claus.—“You mean, doubtless,” answered the bookseller, “the witty works of the lively Claudius, or those of Asmus.”—“No, no,” said I, impatiently, “I want those of Peter Claus, that celebrated author who wrote the novel of Anna Maria, and other much esteemed works of the same kind.”—“Ah, ha! I understand you,” replied he, with a smile, “you are jesting about this poor

poor Peter Claus; and, to confess the truth, he is a paltry wretch, a miserable scrawler, a starved poet, a weak head; but the poor devil scribbles for a livelihood; perhaps he has infirmities that prevent his chopping wood. If so, his motive is commendable, for he had better write foolish books than steal. I have a fine pile of his works that will be soon sold to the grocer; to be sure, we now and then meet with idle folks who buy, and read such trash, rather than do worse. In examining my warehouse, I have laid aside his, and a number of similar productions, which I mean to sell by auction, and among the rest there is three years of the German Mercury.

It was impossible for me to bear more; boiling with rage at such calumny, I snatched up my hat and cane, and quitted the

bookseller's shop without speaking. What particularly wounded my paternal feelings was, that I found this the universal opinion. I now discovered what slow progress taste had made at Hamburg, and the flattering hopes of publishing a collection of my works entirely vanished.

Though I did not foresee this misfortune when I made myself so merry on account of the night-gown, yet fate was provident for me; at the very moment when my purse was just empty, and the hope of selling my works advantageously entirely evaporated, kind Providence sent me unexpected assistance. In one of the pockets of the gown was a purse, which, doubtless, the honest husband whom I meant to dignify at Brunswick had forgotten. I hastily counted the gold and silver it contained,
and

and found myself at once possessed of three hundred and thirty-seven livres, one sous, and three deniers. What a treasure to the unfortunate Peter! Satisfied with this acquisition, I gave myself up to joy, without giving a thought to my literary productions.

In the very height of this rapture, I received a letter from my friend Reyerberg, in which he informed me of all that had befallen him; he had long laboured in the disagreeable employments of corrector and translator. At length weary of retracing the follies of other authors; of serving as an instrument to the avidity of an interested few, and too proud to put the world under contribution for his own indifferent works (as no enthusiasm prompted that he should obtain honor in the career of letters); he therefore adopted a plan of which love fur-

nished the first idea. Struck with the charms of an actress, and possessing a lively imagination, refined taste, a handsome person, and susceptible heart, added to a love of learning, knowledge of different languages, a strong understanding, and constantly frequenting the theatre, where the apparent openness of behaviour of the actors delighted him, he determined to become a member, and accordingly engaged himself immediately to the company of Leipzig, under a borrowed name; from whence he was soon to come to Hamburg, accompanied by his favourite actress; the celebrated Schroeder, being informed of the talents and merit of Reyerberg, had sent to entreat him to join him there.

Thus propitious fate was on the point of re-uniting me a third time to the friend of
my

my youth. This news compleated my joy ; I thought of nothing but amusing myself, and contracting agreeable acquaintances ; in short, I appeared determined to expend my newly acquired riches as speedily as possible.

The madness of writing is never to be conquered ; even the keen satire of Horace would be employed against it in vain. The vanity common to literary people caused me to speak of my productions in several companies of enlightened and polite people, who received me with great deference, though I have since discovered that it was only to laugh at me. The commonalty, who look upon every man whose thoughts are in print as a superior being, received me with esteem and respect. This universal flattery delighted me ; I accepted it with

the utmost pride, though concealed under an assumed modesty, still continuing to act the part of a man who lives upon his fortune.

One night just before supper, a man entered the hotel, dressed in a spotted coat, waxed leather boots, and a large hat; he came directly up to me, saluting me with the most respectful deference, exclaiming, "Have I the supreme happiness of paying my respects to the great and enlightened Claus; to that author replete with instruction and delight, whose immortal works have afforded me such exquisite pleasure. Blessed for ever be the day in which I have the satisfaction of contemplating face to face the ornament of our country." This energetic harangue made my heart leap with joy. He continued for some time in
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the same stile; at length adding, "But will you sup in this large company, so ill chosen, and little worthy of you? I think it would be more convenient to sup in your own apartment, where perhaps you would have the kindness, most admirable of men, to permit me to accompany you, and enjoy for one short hour the inexpressible felicity of your society—what happiness will you confer?"—It was very natural that I should acquiesce in the wishes of a man who so much admired me, and who so perfectly understood the deference due to talents and merit. I instantly conducted him to my apartment, and ordered an elegant supper; in a word, my joy was inexpressible.

"Notwithstanding, would you believe it," said I when we were at table, "would

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you

you believe, Sir, that there are people who speak of me as a dull writer, and a block-head?"—"A blockhead!" replied he, "in good truth, you make me laugh—you a blockhead, and they pretend to be connoisseurs—you a dull writer!—indeed, if they were speaking of me, and my little compositions—" "How!" exclaimed I, interrupting him, "are you an author?"—But, pardon me, I ought not to ask that question; I might have known it from your conversation; indeed, I had a kind of presentiment."—"O, never trouble yourself with such a trifle," said my visitor, "there is not the least offence; I have no pretensions to fame; for I have not as yet produced any thing but pamphlets; the last of which was to demonstrate the utility of a tribunal of inquisition for the Protestants; I dedicated it to Mr. Goetze, dean
of

of the clergy at Hamburg; he received it favourably, since which I have produced nothing considerable."

This learned conversation gave me occasion to communicate to my new friend the project of printing a collection of my works. He immediately proposed to take charge of my manuscript, adding, that it was dishonorable for me to present my own writings; that he was well acquainted with bookfellers, who would think themselves particularly happy in the acquisition of such a treasure. Transported with joy at this friendly offer, I immediately brought my works, containing thirteen printed volumes, with numerous alterations and additions, and four in manuscript, giving all into the hands of my visitor, who promised to be zealous in my service; he then left his ad-

M. 6

dress,

dress, gave me a thousand thanks; and departed, heavily burthened with the children of my genius.

He had not long left me, before I missed the purse I usually carried; it contained about fifteen crowns; I had left it on the table, by the side of my watch, before I went down to supper. Good Heaven! what was my alarm when I found neither one nor the other! This loss opened my eyes; fool that I was to be thus duped—Had it been at my entrance into the world, I should not have been astonished; but for a man that had been so often deceived, witnessed so many cheating tricks; nay, once a sharper himself; that such a man should suffer himself to be allured by gross flattery, and fall into so shallow and despicable a snare, is unpardonable. Oh, Pe-

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ter Claus, where was thy cunning? Unworthy disciple of the skilful Haudritz, the great Ventaulair, or the still greater Noldmann! What disgrace, to shew thyself to thy readers in so weak and humble a light!

“Could I only save my writings,” exclaimed I, after my first transport of rage was over. I immediately ran to the house where he had given me his address; but, oh, Heavens! and all ye poetic divinities and muses, from whence shall I borrow expressions to paint the terrible grief with which I was seized on receiving information that the rogue was wholly unknown to them. “All is lost! Cruel fate!—Adieu, Parnassus! Adieu, Parnassus! I renounce you for ever.—Three louis comprize my whole wealth—My writings—Oh, Heaven! what step shall I take?”

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Description of a Theatrical Life.

IT is a good thing to be light-hearted; for is it not useless to afflict ourselves at what cannot be remedied? The whole philosophy of an adventurer consists in meeting every event with the same degree of carelessness; it is a practical philosophy, ever consoling, and proved by experience to be a restorative balm to the man who determines to enjoy the present moment, and has been equally effectual in every age, from Alexander the Great to Cartouche the Great. It now offered me a salutary remedy against the vexation I experienced. "What," said I, "if imitating Reyerberg, I entered the lists of Roscius? I am a man
of

of considerable talents, proper for all parts; and what's more, play on the violin, so that occasionally I may be employed in the orchestra. How agreeably would my friend be surprized to find me in the same occupation which he has so lately embraced." Sudden revolutions are frequently best; and after giving some time to sorrow for the loss of my money and works, I repaired to the celebrated Schroeder, entreating him to give me a trial in the part of *Clavigo*.

My vanity was not a little offended, I confess, when this man, instead of being flattered with the idea of producing at his theatre a nurseling of the muses, of merit equal to mine, questioned me particularly on my origin, manners, and acquaintance. "Unhappily," added he, "the greater number of our managers, whether from ig-
norance

norance, or carelessness to the public, take so little care in the choice of their subjects, that they permit men without education, greedy of gain, and born of the very dregs of the people, to set up for actors; composing their company of reduced valets, debauched students, and discharged waiting maids. Are those proper persons to purify the taste of a city? to re-animate the zeal for virtue, and to afford the citizen a moral and rational amusement? If every man is to be admitted who is not hunch-backed, or crooked-legged, though ignorant of the purity of language necessary in the profession, stranger to science, unacquainted with the different manners in life, and those of other nations; destitute of all idea of poetry and harmony, negligent in his attitudes, dress, and behaviour, without knowledge of mankind or experience, having

ing never felt the passion he means to express, and totally ignorant of that virtue which he should represent as amiable; inebriated when he performs Seneca or a misanthrope; gloomy when he acts the benevolent friend of humanity; and having represented *Odoardo* on the stage, sells his wife to an Englishman after the play. Doubtless, if such people are admitted as actors, the theatre cannot be a school to mend the heart. But shame be to such characters, who attempt to become actors, and yet greater shame to those who protect them. I know what I owe to myself and to the public, and would prefer having but six actors who felt the importance of their situation, rather than to engage forty at the same expence, of the above description. The opinion I have formed of you is advantageous; your features are in your favour,

your, though even your writings should have been the offspring of want rather than genius. But deliberate thoroughly before you embrace so hazardous a profession ; you are unacquainted with the difficulties you have to encounter, the humiliation you must undergo ; in vain is a man accomplished, or a perfect comedian ; the stage lays him open to the criticism of the greatest blockheads, who consider him only as a hired buffoon. The profession is accompanied by public disdain ; or should you be happy enough to be esteemed sufficiently to gain you admittance to the tables of the great, and pretended connoisseurs, they only invite you to flatter their pride ; so that, upon the whole, you will not find in a theatrical life the satisfaction you have promised yourself."—He continued speaking to me for a long time to the same purpose.

pose, giving me the most unanswerable reasons why I should decline my project; but as opposition ever serves to strengthen our inclinations, I more firmly entreated him to give me a trial; he at length reluctantly consented.

The day fixed for the representation of *Clauvigo* arrived; I had thoroughly studied my part, and already began to feel the difficulties of the art to which I had now devoted myself. The rehearsals made me comprehend the importance of a thousand little circumstances, which I had before regarded as trifles, all tending to shew the difficulty of success; but, thanks be to the care and instructions of the manager, the public received me with tolerable satisfaction. I was immediately engaged at the theatre, though in an inferior line; for the critics

critics at Hamburg are among the most difficult. I trembled for my friend, who had only played at Manheim, where the taste is not so refined.

The first character I played after my admittance was the old councillor in Hamlet; in this part, however conformable to my talents, I found some difficulty; for though we may add greatly to the merit of a part, it is very possible we may fail in the attempt, if we are unacquainted with the character in its full extent and smallest minutiae. Perhaps some of my readers may peruse with pleasure my observations on this singular personage, formed by the creative genius of Shakespeare. Hamlet is perpetually throwing ridicule on the old councillor, who, when he talks to the king or queen, advances the most ridiculous and
filly

filly things, yet when he takes leave of his son Laertes, he gives him the most wise and prudent counsels, thereby shewing his knowledge of the world. His children love him tenderly, and bewail his death with the most unfeigned sorrow. Thus apparent contradictions originate entirely from the want of skill in the actors, who usually give the ridiculous and wild discourse of the old man with a cold seriousness, thus committing the greatest of absurdities. He is a skilful and artful courtier, who well knowing the unworthiness and duplicity of the king, feels the danger of his situation, which he wishes to relinquish without offence; he therefore plays the buffoon in the presence of the king and queen, fatiguing them with ridiculous bon mots; thus avoiding a serious explanation on the malady of the young prince. He appears to
wish

wish to be thought a tiresome chatterer, that in case the project of the king to unite Hamlet with Ophelia, his daughter, should fail, he might be excused from the weakness of his understanding; he acts uniformly according to the circumstance; at court all he says is folly; thus he performs the buffoon, without being in reality such; and the actor should perfectly understand how to distinguish the assumed from the real part of his character. In his house, and in the bosom of his family, his discourse possesses dignity, understanding, warmth, and sensibility. The performance of this character absolutely requires the observations I have been making, and which, if neglected, the feelings of the audience revolt at the poet for sacrificing a man of so little importance. It is for his dissimulation, duplicity, and timidity, that he is punished;

punished ; had he been really a fool, he never would have experienced the fate the poet has allotted him.

This digression may prove, that we ought never to neglect a part, however unimportant it may appear. The highest characters are painted in the strongest colours, and are frequently less difficult to perform than simple confidants which do not interest us. The first inspire and animate by degrees the actor, however destitute he may be of sensibility ; the spectator, equally inflamed by the passions which he sees represented, is not in a state to judge whether he is too warm, or carries the resemblance beyond the bounds of probability. The confidant, on the contrary, must not only be a respectful hearer, but also a tender friend ; for a length of time obliged to remain
silent

silent and motionless, he must suddenly become interested and warm (though Heaven knows how) when the moment arrives that he is to appear concerned for the hero; the critics deeming him unpardonable, if he appears less moved than the spectators. They never consider, that it is difficult to preserve the same interest for what we have so often seen represented, read, and studied; particularly when the zeal of the actor is not encouraged by applause; and who ever knew or heard a confidant applauded?

Heroes of the theatre, and ye critics, warm to condemn, pay some little attention to these slight observations; they are not mine, but those of nature. How often have I shuddered under the absurd opinion of pretended connoisseurs, who imagine that they purchase for three livres the right
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of praising or condemning, according to their caprice, both the poet and actor!— Two months after my reception into the company, I went on the water with a party of friends; the evening was fine; our boat and several others had music on board them; mirth changed the simple entertainment we had provided into the most sumptuous feast. The moon reflected its beams on the water, rendering visible a number of small boats rowing on the surface. Friends saluted as they passed, and brother or relations called to each other. Towards midnight all the gondolas formed into a squadron in the middle of the river, composing a mirthful floating republic; for passing from boat to boat, we joined in conversation, and made agreeable acquaintance with strangers, and other people resident in the city.

In one of the gondolas was a Hanoverian councillor, a man of very estimable qualities, who had lately come to Hamburg. We conversed for some time, during which he appeared pleased with my conversation. "Will you do me the honor," said he, "to sup with me to-morrow night; my carriage shall attend you after the play." I accepted this invitation with great satisfaction, and the curtain had hardly dropped the next night, before I hastened to the door of the theatre, to enquire whether a coach was not waiting for me. A servant, hearing my enquiry, took me by the arm, and cleared my passage through the crowd, saying, "Here, here, Sir, is the coach." I thought myself peculiarly fortunate in meeting with it so soon, and got in immediately. It soon stopped before a large house; the servant opened the door, and
conducted

conducted me into an anti-chamber on the first floor. "This looks well," said I, "I am treated like a friend; for here is no preparation, no brilliant preparation; I may therefore depend on spending an agreeable evening." Some minutes after a man entered, who said to me, with an appearance of concern, "We are peculiarly obliged to you, Sir; your distinguished reputation engaged us to apply to you; excuse our sending for you from the play."

This discourse made me take him for the master of the house; but he added, "Will you oblige me by seeing my spouse directly; I hope all will go well." With these words he opened the door of an adjoining apartment, in which lay a lady in bed. "Sir!" said I, with astonishment, "Is your lady indisposed?"—"As yet

she has not suffered greatly," replied my introducer, "but her pains encrease. Have you had the kindness to bring the necessary apparatus?" Here is a mistake, thought I, this man surely takes me for a midwife. It may easily be supposed we soon came to an explanation. They had sent for a skilful *accoucheur* from Altena, who had repaired to town immediately, but not thinking the danger pressing, had gone to the play. The lady finding her pain encrease towards evening, sent the coach to fetch him from the theatre. The servant, in effect, had enquired for, and spoken to him in the crowd, without paying particular attention to his person, and hearing me directly after enquiring whether a coach was not waiting, he took me for the disciple of *Æsculapius*. This was the source of the *qui pro quo*, which had given so little satisfaction to both parties.

ties. The good people, instead of an *accoucheur*, had fetched a useless actor, who had never performed a part of that nature. I found myself disappointed of an agreeable supper, and the coach which was to take me might perhaps be yet waiting at the theatre.

As I did not know the name of the person who had invited me, I determined to return home. This part of the city was quite unknown to me; I therefore strayed into several bye-ways and cross courts, but at length met with a man who offered to conduct me the nearest road; he walked before me, and presently stopped at an old barrack, saying, "This is a much nearer cut." He immediately opened a door, which we entered; a tall man, in a brown coat, met and accompanied us along the

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court,

court, without speaking; at length we reached a kind of stable, through which we were to pass, but had no sooner entered it than he locked us in. Fear seized me, and encreased beyond all description when I found myself in the power of two strong men, who bound me hand and foot, opened a trap, and dragged me into a subterraneous cave.

Before I continue the recital of my melancholy adventure, I must inform the reader of the conclusion of the crying-out, to which I had been unfortunately called, and also of the supper to which I was invited. The councillor related both to me some time after.

The *accoucheur* had walked to the hall of the theatre, asking, with the utmost gravity,
for

for the coach which he had desired to be sent for him. No person could give him any information; all the carriages were departed but one, which appertained to the councillor, whose servants being strangers to my person, took the doctor for the actor Claus, and hearing him ask for a coach, concluded they were right, informed him it was ready, opened the door, and he immediately leaped in. The company at the councillor's, in the mean time, were waiting the arrival of the new Roscius with impatience. The carriage stopped at the gate; the doctor alighted, the folding doors were thrown open, and a tall thin man entered, dressed in a white peruke, decorated with a dozen of curls at least, a green coat, trimmed with gold Brandebourgs, sattin breeches, and black silk stockings. "I salute you, gentlemen and ladies," said he, and with-

out giving them time to recover their surprise—"I salute you; may I entreat to be informed which I may address as the master of the house?" He was immediately pointed out to him—"Sir," continued he, "I am infinitely obliged by the preference with which you have favoured me; I shall endeavour to merit it; your spouse is happily young, so that we may hope the best; but should any obstacles arise, I have no doubt of being able to overcome them; notwithstanding, I hope there will be no occasion for violent means; but, on the contrary, flatter myself with having the honor, before to-morrow, of presenting an heir to your embrace." Unhappily, the mistress of the house was near sixty, and by no means imitated Sarah, who received a similar prediction with a smile; on the contrary, she was terribly enraged at this discourse, which

she

she looked on as a trick played her by some of the company, because she had never had any children. It was with great difficulty she could be persuaded to the contrary, or the Doctor protected against her abuse. The councillor sent him to the place where his assistance was really necessary in his carriage; and he fortunately arrived in time to assist the lady. This adventure was greatly laughed at in the city, while the unfortunate Claus was cursing his fate in a dreary dungeon. There were also two more victims, who had been betrayed by false pretences into this place by the villainy of these kidnappers.

CHAP. XV.

By what Means Peter is delivered.

THIS new calamity was neither the fruit of wickedness nor imprudence; neither did it perplex me for any great length of time. It is some time now since I have spoken of my excellent friend, Louis de Reyerberg; it is but just to inform the reader of his situation, before I come to the developement of my own adventure in the subterraneous dungeon. The friendly Louis had found himself incumbered with some debts when he received the engagement from Hamburg; they had necessitated him to ask advances, which though immediately granted, made such a delay in his journey, that he only arrived

the

the day after my unhappy catastrophe. His first care was to hasten to my lodging; there he was informed that I had been absent all night, an uncommon circumstance, having never slept out before. The same evening I was to perform the *Commandeur* in the *Pere de Famille* of Diderot; but as I did not appear at the rehearsal, the Manager desired me to be sought after. No one could give any information concerning me, but that I had not been seen since the evening before; thus my absence became an impenetrable enigma. My friend Reyerberg was particularly concerned. I had informed no person of my invitation to the councillor's. Thus it is most probable that they would never have gained the least information of my unhappy fate, had not Heaven sent me a most unexpected deliverance.

The villains, after taking me into the subterraneous prison, unbound me, bringing a small lamp to light them, by which I discovered the full horror of my dwelling. It was a large apartment, divided into four separate parts by iron bars. Two of these cages were occupied as well as my own; each inclosure contained a square of eight feet, furnished with a heap of straw and a little bench; day never penetrated into this infernal abyss, nor was it even enlightened by the glimmer of a lamp, except at noon and night, when the villains brought our food. The most dreadful threats were made to murder us, if we made the least noise; they likewise informed us we should be put on board of ship in three days.

During this dreadful night, I could not close my eyes; plunged in the most gloomy despair,

despair, I passed the time in silent sorrow. My neighbour, on the contrary, did not bear his misfortune with so much moderation, but continued venting oaths until he was almost breathless; though I was too much occupied with my own sorrow to pay particular attention to what he said. However, an exclamation that escaped him at length forced me to observe him. “Oh, why did I not rather stay in the house of correction!” He then added, “Cruel father, thou art revenged!” From these and similar expressions, I thought I recognized my old comrade; his voice strengthened my suspicion; I called “Haudritz!”——“Who knows me here? Who called me by my name?” replied the unfortunate man.—“Is it really thee?” returned I. “Has misery again re-united us? Ah, Haudritz, do not curse thy fate; we but meet

meet the punishment we have so long deserved, for our behaviour at Brunswick. But how didst thou fall into the power of these monsters?"—"Peace," replied Haudritz, "this is no time to moralize, or recite adventures; let us rather think on means to escape from hence; if thou art as when I first knew thee, let us re-unite our strength and cunning to form a plan for our deliverance. It is happy that thou art here; our timid neighbour is good for nothing; he does not even answer when interrogated."

Misfortunes form the strongest connections among mortals; and we suffer with more patience when we are not alone in grief. We began to concert seriously a plan for our deliverance, swearing to defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood,

if

if we could not find means to escape, rather than suffer ourselves to be put on board a ship. But why fatigue the reader with our determinations, which the wisdom of Providence rendered useless, succouring us at the very instant when I least expected it. I passed but twenty-four hours in the dungeon.

The second companion in this misfortune was a young merchant of Bremen, very rich, whose father in sending him to Hamburg had caused him to be attended by an old faithful domestic, whom he had privately enjoined to watch particularly over his son. The young man was no sooner arrived, before a self-created French captain, in the service of the India company, formed an intimacy with him, leading him into all sort of societies. Honest John shook his

his head, for M. le Capitaine, far from being to his taste, appeared to be suspicious; so that when he went out with his master he followed them at a distance. This officer was the chief of a company of India trepanners; and one evening, under some pretence, drew the young merchant into this house. The old faithful servant, disguised in a long cloak, had watched them at a distance. The Frenchman came out alone, which caused him to take particular notice of this house and its situation. He waited in vain for the return of his master for two days, after which he applied to the police, describing the captain, who was no other than M. de Ventaulair (if you have not guessed it before) who, having renounced his mystic brethren, had engaged with some Dutch kidnappers, to go as an agent to Hamburg, where he had established this
infernal

infernal cavern. M. de Ventaulair was seized before he had any suspicion; after which, honest John conducted the police to our detestable abode. It was instantly surrounded with soldiers, some of whom made a general search, while all the inhabitants were confined in one apartment, the landlord being obliged to point out every corner in his dwelling.

Even in our subterraneous habitation we heard the noise this visit occasioned in the court; we thought it a proper time to make an outcry; and notwithstanding the threats of death, Haudritz and myself made such a noise, that the sound reached the yard. The soldiers broke into the stable, found the trap, and delivered us. The whole set of villains were seized, examined, and condemned to perpetual chains and labour.

labour. Some years after I saw my old master and professor, in fetters, mending the street; I could not refrain tears at the rigour of his fate; but hastily turned my eyes from the sight.

Happy to be thus restored to freedom, our joy knew no bounds. Had it been possible to recall into the heart of Haudritz any sentiment of virtue, doubtless the last misfortune would have awakened serious reflections on his past life. This warning of Providence, however, served to fortify me in the resolution of never straying in the paths of vice; the conclusion of my adventures will prove whether I was faithful to my project; but Haudritz was become so harsh and sour against mankind, that punishment and misfortune only tended to harden him in wickedness, and confirm him

him in guilt, rendering him insensible to every salutary impression.

Escaped from this danger, I ran to my manager, relating to him my adventure; after which Reyerberg, Haudritz, and myself, passed the evening together. We had so many things to say, that we chattered for three hours beyond midnight. I related all that had happened me since we parted; and Haudritz in his turn began as follows.

“ You know my father was unpolite enough to have me stopped for a sum of no importance. It is true he is a serious old put, that has no notion of a jest, for I had only forged a small bill of exchange in his name at Brunswick, yet he took it very seriously. When I went to receive the amount, I was seized, and confined, solely
against

against my will, in a vault, and three days after lodged gratis in the house of correction. You will readily believe, that the good company there were not at all to my taste; but too proud to stoop to entreaties, I determined to submit to my fate; but the bad food, vexation, and mephitic air common to such places, threw me into a dangerous illness. My life was despaired of; the generous physician who attended me wrote to my father; a return of affection brought him to visit me; he gave me the most pathetic discourse, spoke of pardon, and had me moved to a comfortable lodging; where I was soon out of danger. His mercantile business soon called him home; and being too feeble to leave my bed before his departure, he made me swallow a powerful dose of paternal exhortations, the end of which was, “I trust that sufferings

sufferings have corrected, and rendered thee prudent; in which hope, instead of sending thee back to the house of correction, I will have thee fetched home in fifteen days; I have fixed on a situation of life, in which being employed, it will divert thee from evil thoughts; for idleness is the source of vice." In short, there was a great deal more of this lecture, which I cannot at this time recollect. However, I was firmly determined not to wait until the time he had appointed; but, if possible, to avoid the slavery he was preparing for me. I had therefore no sooner gained strength sufficient to walk about the room, than I secretly stole out of the house, and left the city. I was still very weak, walked very slow; and could not, with my utmost exertions, advance more than four or five leagues a day. Having but little money,

I gave

I gave myself out for a clerk going to seek business at Copenhagen, but had met with robbers by the way, and since been dangerously ill. I need not here inform you of my methods of exciting pity. A chamberlain took me into his service, employing me to answer his correspondence; his wife was young, handsome, and well-made, but violently sentimental, and given to coquetry; yet I do not believe her capable of compleat infidelity to her spouse; for vanity more frequently than constitution influences romantic conduct in the ladies. She was interested in favour of every man who sympathized with her; the amiable languor of her fine eyes charmed many a young fool, while her affectation rendered her ridiculous to men of understanding. The poor husband was the more to be pitied, as he understood little of the tempers

of women, and never failed to rub his forehead whenever a new Adonis paid his devoirs to the lady. The good man ought to have laughed at it; for his spouse, who readily discovered his uneasiness, acted as all women do on such occasions, giving him fresh cause, by which means she held him ever her slave. On the contrary, had he behaved with an affected disdain, and retaliated her conduct, or had he known the tempers of those sentimental ladies, he might have saved himself a great deal of useless vexation. These susceptible beauties seldom create durable passions; neither do women in general love sincerely; their natural inconstancy makes it a kind of amusement to the heart. This game may, however, sometimes lead us very far, if we have not the art to appear cold and indifferent; thus preserving ourselves from being
pleating

pleating the folly. The chamberlain looked on me as a man of no consequence, yet he could not avoid some emotions of jealousy on my account, The lady loved reading; the Italian poets delighted her; I read to her in her closet; if she praised my declamation, or at table spoke with pleasure of the similitude of our tastes, clouds instantly darkened the features of her beloved husband, as he was particularly the professed enemy of books. All this was very disagreeable to me; besides, you know I am not partial to the sex*. The chamberlain appeared to wait a favourable opportunity to get rid of me, I determined therefore to be before-hand with him, and asked my dismissal; which

* Peter Claus is of a different opinion; and is far from giving belief to all this scandal.

Author's Note.

having

having obtained, by the help of some presents which he had made me at my departure, I came here, with the intention of obtaining some little employment on board a vessel bound for India. A stranger to whom I applied took me to the infernal place we have just left."

"I see," said Reyerberg, "that thou wilt never act uprightly, and therefore advise thee to adopt the plan which thou hast formed, thou wilt find many of thy fellows in India."—"What dost thou mean by my fellows?" replied Haudritz.—"We will not dispute on a word," answered Louis, "let it suffice that we will find thee some convenient situation on board of ship."—In effect, we were happy enough to relieve Europe from this useless burthen. The ship on board of which was Haudritz sailed in a week, though perhaps we may

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again hereafter meet with that voyager.—
“But,” said I, addressing Louis, “where
is thy mistress, thy angel, thy actress?—
At least bring me acquainted with this ob-
ject of thy warmest wishes.”—Ah,” replied
my friend, “do not mention her; the
faithless, perfidious woman, for whom I
entered this state, and to whom I sacrificed
every thing, is fled with a Dutch officer.
—Let us think no more of her; but
thou must renew thy acquaintance with
M. Brick, who sat so melancholy in the
corner of the saloon at the hotel in Brunf-
wick: he is now an actor, and has played
with me at Leipzig, and came to seek an
engagement in this city, but has fallen so
dangerously ill, that I despair of his life.—
The next day we went, and found him
in the delirium of a violent fever. We at-
tended him by turns with the utmost assi-
duity, but his illness increased daily; on
nights

the last night, before he closed his eyes for ever, he pointed to a sealed packet on the table, saying, in a faint and dying voice, "Those are papers of consequence; nor can I otherwise requite your care than by bequeathing them to you—You will be surprized when you open them after my death." The moment after he expired in my arms.

This happened on the twenty-seventh of August, at three in the morning, and my presence being no longer serviceable, I left the cold remains of M. Brick, taking with me the packet, intending to repair immediately to Reyerberg, and inform him of this melancholy news. But what happened to me by the way is of so extraordinary a nature, that I reserve it for the second part of my adventures.

This

This event has so fabulous an appearance, that I almost fear to relate it; I was mistaken for another; but that has happened so often, that probably it may be treated as improbable; notwithstanding, I consent to be posted in the Gazette, if it is not strictly true.

Whether there are men destined to meet extraordinary adventures, or whether my features are of that doubtful cast, that every one finds in them what they seek, I cannot tell—But be it as it may, I had not reached half way down the street, when a coach stopped suddenly by me. Two men jumped out. The servant leaped from behind; they seized me, exclaiming, “We have caught him at last,” forced me into the coach, and departed with the utmost speed.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





